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OCTOBER, 1940

25 CENTS

# Writers of the Desert . . .

LEON V. ALMIRALL, whose interview with Pablo Abeita the Isleta Indian trader is in this number of the Desert Magazine, was a law student in Cornell and Columbia before he came west many years ago. Ill health made it necessary for him to seek a livelihood in the outdoors, and he became a cowpuncher and later ran his own herds on the Colorado range.

Encouraged by his wife, he began writing his experiences, and during the past eight years has sold manuscripts to both pulp and slick magazines.

He is now out of the cattle business, lives in Denver, Colorado, plays tennis for recreation, likes Colorado better than any place on earth—and has a particular aversion for "drugstore cowboys."

. . .

CARLOS H. ELMER of Kingman, Arizona is studying to follow in his father's footsteps, and become a lawyer—but that did not keep him from "crashing" the columns of the Desert Magazine this month both as a photographer and a writer. His picture of Chief Watahamogie of the Havasupai Indians won first place

in the monthly photographic contest, and his story of Pierce ferry captured the Landmark prize.

Carlos is 20 years of age, a junior at the University of California, Los Angeles. He has lived at Kingman 14 years, where his father is a practicing attorney. His favorite desert retreat is Grand Canyon-Cataract canyon, the home of the Havasupai Indians, and he goes there at every opportunity.

. . .

"My love of the desert was acquired among the bold red escarpments of Utah," says DAVID LAVENDER, "but my few trips into the California deserts have awakened a zest to see more of them. The color of the hills at evening is enough to do that to a man."

Lavender is the author of the Utah cattle ranch story, MORMON COWBOY, in this issue of Desert Magazine. He is a free lance writer now residing at Ojai, California, and has packed a wide experience into his 30 years of life. He went through preparatory school in Denver, and was graduated from Princeton

in 1931. Then he came west and worked on ranches and in mines, drove cattle on Al Scorup's range for a time, and eventually went to Denver where he wrote advertising copy, edited a trade journal and did some publicity and radio work. He didn't like being chained to a desk, and went in for free lance writing. His copy has appeared in Harper's Bazaar, Country Life, Esquire and several pulps and juveniles. He is married and has a six-year-old son.

. . .

Among the feature stories to appear in the November number of Desert Magazine will be MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH'S biographical sketch of Lorenzo Hubbell, veteran trader on the Indian reservation at Oraibi, Arizona.

. . .

Desert Magazine's anniversary number in November will carry the results of a recent poll in which 1000 subscribers, selected at random from the mailing list, were asked to vote on the type of feature material they prefer to read in the Desert Magazine. Forty-five percent of those receiving questionnaires responded within 30 days after the blank forms were mailed out, and the results are now being tabulated by the magazine staff.

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## DESERT Calendar

- OCT. 1-30 Nevada deer hunting season.
- 2-4 Southwestern Library association convention, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Miss Dorothy Amman, Dallas, Texas, chairman. Speakers include Mrs. J. Franc Newcomb, Witter Bynner, Paul Horgan, Dean George P. Hammond.
- 3-7 Convention of Pacific Coast building association, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- 12-13 Needles, California Water carnival, municipal playground on Lake Havasu behind Parker dam. J. A. Polzer, chairman.
- 13-27 Nevada open season on pheasant, valley and mountain quail, grouse, partridge. Counties may vary or declare closed seasons.
- 14-18 Sixth Annual Western Safety conference, Phoenix, Arizona. Delegates from 11 Western states, Alaska, British Columbia, Hawaii, Lower California.
- 15 California dove season closes. Imperial county only: Oct. 1-Nov. 15. Sunrise to sunset.
- 16-NOV. 15 Arizona deer, bear and turkey hunting season. Deer hunting in Kaibab national forest begins Oct. 25, applications to Walter Mann, Williams, Arizona.
- 16-DEC. 14 California, Nevada and Utah duck and geese hunting season, sunrise to 4 p. m.
- 19-20 Gold Rush Days, fourth annual rodeo, barbecue, rock drilling contest, at Mojave, California. Sponsored by Mojave Exchange club, William Vail, secretary.
- 19-20 Sierra club schedules Mojave desert camping trip in Pinnacles-Cathedral Town area. (See Desert Magazine, October 1939) Leader: Richard Berry, 1250 N. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles.
- 19-20 First annual exhibition, Mojave Desert Gem and Mineral society, Beacon Tavern, Barstow, California. Robert Greer of Yermo, chairman.
- 25-27 Quechan Indian fair, Yuma, Arizona.
- 31 Convention of second district, New Mexico Federation of Women's clubs, Albuquerque. (2 days)
- 31 Arizona State Nurses convention, Yuma, Arizona. (3 days)



Volume 3

OCTOBER, 1940

Number 12

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### *Wild Dove*

By MARTIN LITTON, Inglewood, California

Awarded second prize in the August photographic contest. Taken at Wigwam Guest Ranch, Arizona with a Speed Graphic camera, 2¼x3¼, Super XX film, f11, 1/10 sec.

### *Chief, Watahamogie*

Havasupai Indian Tribe  
(*Opposite page*)

By CARLOS H. ELMER, Kingman, Arizona

This photo of the 114-year old Indian chief was awarded first prize in the monthly contest conducted by the Desert Magazine. Taken with an Ikoflex II Camera, 2¼x2¼, Eastman Panatomic X film, f11, 1/50 sec., no filter.

### *Special Merit*

The following photographs entered in the August contest were considered by the judges to have more than usual merit:

"Dried Seed Pods," by Howard A. Bell, Trona, California.

"Desert-aged Corral," by Tad Nichols, Tucson, Arizona.

"Coachella Sands," by P. W. Seipp Jr., Ocean City, Maryland.



John Albert Scorup, president and general manager of the Scorup-Somerville Cattle company, Moab, Utah. Son of Mormon pioneers, he went alone at the age of 19 into the desert of southeastern Utah, equipped with two ponies, two blankets, five dollars. First white man to penetrate the heart of that desolate country, he discovered the famed White canyon natural bridges, now known as the Natural Bridges national monument. Today Scorup cattle winter on 1,185,000 acres between the San Juan and Colorado canyons, with headquarters on Indian creek, where hay fields reach for nine miles along the canyon bottom. The Blue, Elk, and La Sal mountain ranges of eastern Utah provide summer forage. In the Sevier valley is a 1300-acre farm where he indulges in his "hobby"—registered Herefords.

Right—Jim and Al, as they rode the White canyon range in the 1900s. Jim left.

Cattle ranching in the desert Southwest is a glamorous occupation—to those who read about it in the books of fiction. But the job of wresting a living from the desert is never easy, whether it be raising cattle, mining or homesteading an irrigated farm. The odds were all against this Mormon lad when he selected one of the most arid regions in Utah as range for his little herd of cows. But he had a lot of grit—and today he is one of the most successful cattlemen in the West.

# Mormon Cowboy

By DAVID LAVENDER

YOUNG Al Scorup was feeling pleased with himself as he jogged across the Utah desert. He had a few dollars in his pocket, grub on his pack horse. The near starvation which had driven him to take a two months' job with a Texas trail crew was only an uncomfortable memory. He could devote all his time now to the little bunch of cattle he was running south of White canyon. One third of the increase of that herd was to be his for his work. With grass and water plentiful this summer of 1891, the calf crop should be good. For a fellow just 19 he hadn't done so badly.

Lost in his rosy thoughts, he was wholly unprepared for the half dozen armed men who surrounded him at his camp. He knew their type: riders from one of the Texas outfits which were pushing into southeastern Utah and claiming the range by the right of might.

"We've scattered your cattle, bub," they told him, "an' we're takin' over the graze. You'd better move on."

Al Scorup didn't say anything. Even had he been armed, he could not have opposed those men by force alone. But there were other possibilities. He turned

his horse northwest toward his home at Salina, 300 miles away.

That was 50 years ago. Today the Texans are gone. And from its shaky start on the south side of White canyon has grown the Scorup-Somerville cattle company, its range embracing a vast triangle between the San Juan and Colorado rivers—in round numbers some 1,185,000 acres. The country remains almost as primitive as the day Al Scorup reached it. In all those 1900 square miles of desert and mountain there are no roads, no telephones, no electricity. The only houses are the mud-daubed buildings at Indian creek, where the headquarters camp of the ranch is now located. On the range the cowboys still live in stone caves and keep their food cached in the dry, pink sand.

When Mr. Scorup invited my wife and me out for a little visit, we jumped at the chance. He put us in charge of a lean, sun-charred young rider named Cy Thornell. Cy loaded us on a couple of tough, unhandsome ponies, packed bedrolls, food and water on two pack mules and undertook to show us his particular scenic pet, a weird region called the Needles



The DESERT MAGAZINE

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*The home ranch of the Scorup-Somerville Cattle company on Indian creek. Center of nine miles of irrigated fields, these houses are the only ones in more than a million acres of desolate range land. The surrounding cliffs are a deep red.*

and known only to a handful of cowboys.

After detouring for a look at the junction of the Green and Colorado rivers, we veered southward into a dry, flat-bottomed canyon named Cyclone. A howling gale roared into our teeth. Martha, my wife, asked Cy if it would ever stop blowing.

He shook his head. "The wind gets in here an' then rushes round an' round, tryin' to find a way out. It never does."

Martha sighed and took a cold cream tube from her pocket, smearing her face with the grease. The blowing red sand collected in it until she looked like a Greek tragedian frozen in a mask of brick.

"You might as well give up," I told her. "Utah has branded you forever."

Cy had more chivalry. "Anyhow," he comforted, "you're in country no other white woman has seen."

We climbed out of Cyclone canyon over a trail that was little more than an eyebrow on the face of the cliff. Now indeed we were in a bewildering jungle of rock, named, as so many Western locales are, for the devil—the Devil's Lane, the Devil's Kitchen, the Devil's Horse Pasture and so on. Sharp monoliths leaped hundreds of feet into the hard blue sky. Serrated ridges of flaming rock twisted in all directions. We picked out figures resembling elephants, sphinx, battleships, men, shoes, organs and choirs, gargoyles and what not, the whole so gigantic in

scale that size lost significance. Against the towering cliffs the piñon trees looked like dwarfed shrubs.

We camped that night in Lost canyon, at one of the only two waterholes we had seen in 40 miles of riding. The wind had died but the air was still full of sand. Into this golden mist the sun sank, a blood red ball. Out of the creeping purple shadows the weird buttes soared like jets of flame.

Until dark hid the scene and coyotes began mourning at the stars, we were content simply to look. Then, as we sat around a fire of cedar sticks, questions began to rise. Could this desolate land be profitable for ranching? At least 75% of it was solid rock. It would take a hundred acres to feed one cow. Vast reaches could be utilized only in winter when enough snow fell to provide water. Those superb cowmen, the Texas trail drivers, had not been able to tame it. A cooperative livestock venture by Mormons from Bluff City was wrecked on its red sands. Yet Al Scorup had succeeded. How?

I asked Cy. He shrugged, saying, "He decided he wanted a ranch here. And

you know how he is—never sense enough to know when he's licked."

For 50 years Al Scorup has fought and loved that land. The scars of the battle are in his weather-tanned cheeks, in hands brown and gnarled as piñon knots, in the slight limp that tells of a broken foot and shattered knee. Resiliency, courage, patience — these things are obvious. But there is something more, something in his pale blue eyes, in the timbre of his deep, unhurried voice. Words cannot define it. It is that intangible quality of bigness, of understanding, of the things you sense when you stand on the desert at sunrise.

John Albert Scorup was the second son of Danish converts to Mormonism who in 1864 came with a handcart company to Salina, in central Utah's Sevier valley. Their name then was Christiansen, but so many Christiansens lived in the colony that they changed it to Scorup, after their native village in Denmark.

The family's first home was a dugout. The father's job was herding the town's cooperative band of sheep. Though the mother helped by marketing butter and cheese and handwoven rugs, providing for eight children made daily existence a nip and tuck battle. Scorup's health was poor and the older boys were often called from school to take turns with the flock.

Sheep had little appeal for Al. He preferred cattle. When he was seven he invented a game about them, using willow sticks for animals and branding irons

of wire. His partner in this, as in all else, was his younger brother, Jim. The two of them hung around cowboys from the time they could ride and were doing men's work at local roundups before they were well in their teens.

In 1891, on a wild horse hunt, Al attracted the attention of Claude Sanford, a stockman who owned 150 head of wild cows south of White canyon. He offered the boy—Al was nineteen then—a job looking after the stock on a percentage basis. With five dollars, two blankets and two ponies Al set out. He forded the Colorado at Dandy Crossing, where a fugitive named Cass Hite had established a store of sorts for the placer miners then exploring the gravel bars of the river.

Locating the cattle took time. His supplies gave out. When the store would allow him only one sack of flour and some beans for a grown steer, he saw he would have to raise money. He rode 60 miles to the new colony of Bluff City on the red banks of the San Juan and landed a job with the Texans. "The Mormon Cowboy" they called him and tales of his uncanny prowess with stock spread from camp to camp. By the 4th of July he had earned \$75.00. Though holiday festivities beckoned and the town's 13 unmarried women formed a committee of the whole to beg him to stay for their dance, he refused.

"I've got to see to my cows," he told Emma Bayles, daughter of the hotel keeper. "But," he added, looking into her brown eyes, "I'll be back."

A long time passed before Al Scorup could keep that promise. When the Texans ran him out of his White canyon camp, he knew of only one place to turn.

Forcing his horse to the limit, he reached Salina in five days and asked Jim to join him. And as if the cows he had already undertaken to herd weren't trouble enough, he got three hundred more from local ranchers, these also to be run on a one-third percentage basis. The deal is an almost incredible feat of salesmanship. He proposed to take the animals across hundreds of miles of desert to an unexplored, hostile land. Yet such was the confidence the ranchers had in him and Jim that they agreed without question.

The boys were in the saddle 19 hours a day and considered themselves lucky if they moved the herd 12 miles. It took them the most of a rainy December to reach Dandy Crossing and there they found the sleet chilled Colorado in flood.

They couldn't hold the hungry cattle on the barren hillsides until the water receded. And they wouldn't turn around. Straight into the growling, chocolate colored torrent they forced the herd. Twice the terrified animals broke back. Twice they straightened them out and tried again, though neither could swim a stroke and the icy water had numbed them until they couldn't even speak.

The third time they succeeded. Not wishing to run head-on into the Texans

south of White canyon, they turned to the north. What the country there was like, no man could tell them. But they pushed ahead, their landmark a mountain which resembled the wooden shoes their parents had worn in Salina. They called the mountain the Wooden Shoe and stopped their herd in its shadow, the first white men to penetrate that jumbled wilderness.

They slipped south across White canyon by night and stole the Sanford cattle back from the Texans. They made their home in a sandstone cave and filled out a slim larder of sourdough, beans and dried fruit with venison. They rode as long as daylight would let them see and often longer, keeping their trail-gaunt cattle alive by drifting them from one grassy pocket to the next.

During the next five years they learned to meet the desert at its worst. Winter blizzards and summer drought reduced their cattle to skin and bones. The Texans farther south admitted defeat and moved out. Bluff City business men, thinking to prosper where the Texans had failed, formed a pool to buy the remnants of the southern herds. They crossed White canyon with 1600 head of stock, intending to crowd the Scorups off the range.

Their cattle outnumbered three to one, with not enough feed to go around, the brothers might logically have given ground. But they didn't. They slipped their animals by twos and threes into hidden pockets, almost handnursing them through the bitter winter. Systematically they turned the invading cattle off their range. Over half the neglected pool stock

*The cliffs of the San Juan, above Bluff City, Utah. The stone house in the left foreground was the first home owned by Al and Emma Scorup. Here the family lived from 1897 to 1905. Purchased for \$190, it represented a big step upward from the one-room house which they rented, after their marriage, for 30 cents a week.*







*This group picture of the Scorup family was taken shortly before Al went to White canyon in 1891. Al stands at the left of the back row, with his hand on Jim's shoulder. Front row, left to right: Jim, Alvilda (with Stena in front of her), Mother Scorup, Olevia, Father Scorup. Back row: Al, Hannab, Peter, Victor.*

died and the ranchers gave up. Never again was the Scorups' hold on the land contested.

Not long afterwards the Bluff pool acknowledged Al's superiority to their own crew by hiring him as their foreman! His pay was \$37.50 a month, and on the strength of it Emma Bayles and he were married. Their first home was a single room, dirt roofed rock house in Bluff City, rented for 30 cents a week. But even 30 cents loomed large. The brothers had turned the leased cattle back to the Salina ranchers and were trying to start out on their own. While Al worked for a grub stake Jim stayed with the little herd on the Wooden Shoe.

When he could get time off, Al came over to help brand calves and gather the strays. It was on one of these forays that he discovered the great stone bridges of White canyon. Jim led in the first outsider to see them, a mining engineer named Long. He refused Long's offer of a fee for the trip, asking only that the western arch be called the Caroline, after his mother. (Much later the government substituted Indian names for those given

by the original discoverers.) Long's account of the trip created nationwide interest and in 1906 Al guided the expedition whose survey led to the section's being set aside as the Natural Bridges national monument.

The Bluff pool collapsed and the Scorups bought it out. By 1910 their cattle, numbering in the thousands now, ranged from the Elk mountains to the Colorado river. But still the brothers lived like wolves, sleeping in the handiest caves, subsisting on wild game and food they kept cached in the sand. Besides the unending battles with heat and cold and renegade cattle, there were brushes with rustlers from Butch Cassidy's notorious Robbers' Roost gang and with old Posey's outlaw Pahutes, who as late as 1915 waged a bloody battle with a U.S. Marshal's posse at the very gates of Bluff City.

Meanwhile Al's family grew until it included six children, all girls. Because he seldom saw them, his affection found lavish outlets. He built them the finest home in Bluff. Because local drinking water was poor, he drilled a 1400-foot artesian well in his back yard. Sometimes

he'd ride 70 miles from the Wooden Shoe for a single evening at home. He'd have to be back at work when dawn broke. At midnight he'd tiptoe into the girls' rooms, kiss each one, then saddle up and lope away into the darkness. When he'd be back he never knew. Perhaps he'd be packed back, tied across his saddle.

To build up the quality of their herd, the Scorups brought the first Hereford bulls into southeastern Utah. To get them they had to ride to the Sevier valley and spend a month trailing the ponderous brutes back to the Wooden Shoe. It was on one of these trips that Jim met Elmina Humphreys, a Salina schoolteacher. With true Scorup tenacity he set about winning her. It was no whirlwind courtship. Calling on Elmina involved a horseback ride of 600 miles. They were engaged seven years before they were married. Even then Elmina stayed in Salina, to be near her mother during Jim's long absences on the range.

In 1917 the brothers had a chance to buy for \$90,000 a ranch where Loss creek breaks into the Sevier valley—land on

which they had once herded sheep for their father. With it were extensive grazing rights in the Fish lake mountains. Jim plumped for the deal. Twenty-six years had passed since his brother had persuaded him they could make a stake in southeastern Utah's empty barrens. Twenty-six years of banging across those endless miles of rock until he hated every dip in them. If they bought the Loss creek ranch he could go home to Salina, live in a house instead of a cave and see his wife and four children more often than a week or so at Christmas time.

Al consented. Ticked as a kid with a new toy Jim went to take charge of the property. He had scarcely arrived when Elmina died of pneumonia.

Meanwhile Al had heard that a ranch on Indian creek, north of White canyon, was for sale. It was a good setup: plenty of summer range in the Blue and Abajo mountains and enough winter country to care for 7,500 cattle. In addition there were, along Indian canyon's narrow twisting bottom, nine miles of cultivated fields which produced 1500 tons of alfalfa annually, as well as quantities of oats and corn. Al signed notes for the bulk of the half million dollar purchase price, Jim covered more, and their fast friends, Snuffy and Andrew Somerville, took the balance. For another fat sum they acquired exclusive range rights in Dark canyon, which borders the Indian creek country on the south.

The ranches were turned over to the new owners on November 1, 1919. On November 9 three feet of snow fell on the winter range, burying every spear of feed. And all winter it kept snowing.

Back in Salina Jim was stricken with influenza. Al dropped everything, when a messenger reached him at Indian creek, and bucked the clinging drifts for 48 hours without food or sleep, trying to reach Moab and a car which could carry him to his brother's side. When Al arrived in Salina his brother was dead.

There was no time for grief. Back to Indian creek he went. By April the corpses of 1500 starved, frozen cattle dotted the range. And the post-war depression was shattering the livestock market. Steers which the Scorup-Somerville company had bought in at \$65.00 a head plummeted in value to \$20.00. In Salina and Bluff, in the distant stockyards at Los Angeles and Kansas City, cattlemen laid bets that the outfit would not pull through, that the Mormon cowboy had been licked at last.

But Al Scorup kept on plugging. Although over 50, he spent 16 hours a day in the saddle. He sent each of his six daughters through Brigham Young university; he brought up Jim's four orphaned children. He saw his closest friend, Snuffy Somerville, die in 1929;

saw paralysis cripple Emma, his wife, so that she lay helpless for three years until finally death released her, too.

Still he kept on plugging, through the lean years of the last depression and the unprecedented drought of 1934. And because there is no retreat in him, the Scorup-Somerville ranch today is back on its feet, stronger than ever, stretching more than a hundred miles along the fierce east breaks of the Colorado canyon, from Indian creek past the Wooden Shoe and White canyon to the gloomy gorge of the San Juan, an empire half again as large as the state of Rhode Island.

Al Scorup could rest now, if he would. Rarely will he leave Indian creek, however, except to visit his daughters, all with families of their own now. Recently

he remarried and his wife tries to take the care of him that he will not take of himself. After all, he's crowding 70 and could stand a little pampering. But the old life is strong in him. He still gets up at four o'clock, as he did when his only home was a cave, splashes his yet unwrinkled face with cold water and goes down to the creek to watch the dawn. This is the hour he likes best. As the great buttes take shape out of the darkness, his plans for the day take shape with them. I can still see him standing there, bare headed, his pale blue eyes looking far out across the desert.

"It's been my worst enemy," he said of that beautiful, merciless land. Then his deep voice softened and he added slowly, "And my best friend, too."

## TRUE OR FALSE

Here's another of those brain-twisters for the desert fans. If you know all about the history, mineralogy, botany, geography and

general lore of the desert country you can score 100% in this test. If you haven't acquired all that information yet, here is an opportunity to add to your knowledge. There are 20 questions. If you answer half of them correctly you are better informed than the average person. A score of 15 entitles you to membership in that exclusive fraternity known as Desert Rats. If you score more than 15 you may properly sign your name with an S. D. S. degree—Sand Dune Sage. Answers are on page 35.

- 1—The town of Earp, California, near Parker dam was named for Wyatt Earp of Tombstone fame. True..... False.....
- 2—Smoke trees most commonly grow on sand dunes. True..... False.....
- 3—The chief industry of Searchlight, Nevada, is sheep raising. True..... False.....
- 4—Going east on Highway 80 the traveler should change his watch to mountain time at Tucson. True..... False.....
- 5—Blossom of the larrea, commonly known as creosote bush or greasewood is yellow. True..... False.....
- 6—A calcite crystal will scratch a quartz crystal. True..... False.....
- 7—Joseph Smith led the western Mormon trek to Utah. True..... False.....
- 8—Santa Fe is the capital of New Mexico. True..... False.....
- 9—Highway 91 between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles was built and is maintained by four states. True..... False.....
- 10—The Kaibab squirrel has a white tail. True..... False.....
- 11—Joshua trees belong to the cactus family. True..... False.....
- 12—The desert traveler may reach Havasupai Indian village over a paved highway. True..... False.....
- 13—Bright Angel creek, tributary of the Colorado river, was given its name by the Powell expedition. True..... False.....
- 14—An arrastra was used by the prehistoric Indians to kill buffalo. True..... False.....
- 15—Vallecito stage station was a relay point on the old Butterfield overland stage route. True..... False.....
- 16—W. A. Chalfant, author of the book Death Valley, the Facts, is now the publisher of a newspaper at Bishop, California. True..... False.....
- 17—Chief industry of the White Mountain Apache Indians today is basket weaving. True..... False.....
- 18—Scotty's Castle in Death Valley is a reconstructed prehistoric Indian ruin. True..... False.....
- 19—California's Salton sea now covers a much smaller area than in 1900. True..... False.....
- 20—San Francisco peak is the highest mountain in Arizona. True..... False.....



Here's another tale of lost gold—a rich quartz ledge discovered many years ago in the Death Valley region. The secret of its location was lost when the owner met a tragic death somewhere east of the Funeral range. John Mitchell, the author, says he has seen some of the gold from this ledge, but he never obtained an accurate clue as to its location.

# Lost Golden Eagle Mine

By JOHN D. MITCHELL

**I**T was in the summer of 1902 that Alkali Jones, old time prospector and desert rat set out across the desert from Skidoo, California to Searchlight, Nevada. His route lay across one of the hottest and most desolate regions in the United States—Death Valley. For centuries it has been known to the Shoshone Indians, as To-me-sha (Ground on fire). Alkali was in a hurry to reach Searchlight and he was traveling with one pack burro. He carried a 22 calibre rifle, a small prospecting pick, five pounds of jerky, five pounds of bacon, some hardtack, coffee, sugar, salt, a small frying pan, coffee pot and an old army kit. This together with a gallon canteen of water and his bedroll made a total pack load of less than 100 pounds.

Two days after leaving Skidoo, while crossing a narrow arm of the valley he was caught suddenly in a fierce sandstorm. The sun hung like a copper disk in the darkened sky and the wind whipped the sand dunes into fantastic shapes. Small particles of sand driven by the terrific force of the wind cut like points of steel.

Semi-darkness fell over the face of the earth and as the weary traveler stumbled on through the sand his attention was attracted to a dark object that loomed only a short distance ahead. Making his way toward it he

soon came to the foot of a small butte that stood alone in the desert. At the base of the friendly butte were a number of huge granite boulders. These seemed to offer some shelter from the raging storm so he made camp beside one of them.

When the storm had abated and the sun came out again Jones left his shelter beside the huge granite boulder and in order to get a better view of the surrounding country started to climb toward the summit of the little butte. When about half way up the north side his attention was attracted to some pieces of a milky white quartz that lay scattered along the hillside. With the small pick that he carried in his belt he broke several pieces of the quartz and found it to be matted together with large stringers of bright yellow gold.

Running along the side of the hill in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction was a white quartz vein about three feet wide. It outcropped for a distance of about one thousand feet before it disappeared under the sand at the foot of the little granite butte. The vein was a fissure in pink granite and showed free gold wherever it was broken open.

From a pouch he carried at his belt Alkali took a location notice and while engaged in filling it out he looked up into the sky and saw a huge bird wheeling high overhead. It was so far above him he was unable to tell whether it was an eagle or a huge California condor that was dogging his footsteps waiting for a chance to pick the meat from his bones. At any rate he called the claim the "Golden Eagle." When he had finished the location notice he signed his name to it and then placed it in an empty tobacco can. Then he gathered up about 10 rounds of the rich white quartz and placed it in a small sample sack. From the loose quartz and rock scattered on the hillside he built a monument and placed the tin can containing the location notice in it.

It was getting late in the afternoon when Jones climbed down from the little butte and headed



*"With a small pick he broke down several pieces of the quartz and found it to be matted together with large stringers of bright yellow gold."*

for the higher mountains to the north. After traveling a distance of about one mile he came to the foot of the mountains and started climbing. When a few thousand feet up he sat down to rest. The map in his pocket showed that he was in the Funeral range sitting on Coffin mountain looking down into Death Valley. And to make things even worse he had only one pint of water left in his canteen.

As he sat there making a crude map of the location of his mine, the valley below him suddenly filled with water. It danced and sparkled in the evening sunlight as the gentle waves broke into spray against the pink granite butte and the great boulders at its base. Beautiful trees and fairy castles appeared along the shore. Jones being a man of the desert knew the lake was only a beautiful mirage that had lured hundreds of less experienced men to a horrible death on the burning sands.

So instead of heading out into the desert waste to search for water, he turned his footsteps toward the Funeral range. When he had traveled a distance of about two miles he came to a deep canyon. Pausing on the brink he looked into the canyon bed far below. As he stood there he saw doves, birds and whitewings in pairs and small flocks flying swiftly up the canyon. This he knew to be a sure sign of water not far away. Climbing down into the deep canyon he continued to walk along its bed for a distance of about a mile and then suddenly came to a large tank that nature had scooped out of the solid bedrock. It was full of clear water and was surrounded by thousands of quail and other birds. A small bed of sand under a shelving rock in the nearby canyon wall offered an ideal place to camp for the night. Jones could have killed some of the quail or whitewings for his supper, but he did not have the heart to destroy the friends who had saved his life by leading him to their secret watering place. When he had filled himself with jerky, hardtack and coffee he lay down in the warm sand to rest.

Little sleep came to Alkali Jones that night. He lay awake reveling in the dreams of bonanza. The wail of a coyote came up from the desert and owls looted from the crags above the waterhole. From high up among the rocks a bobcat screamed his challenge across the canyon, but only the echo came back. Jones prepared a breakfast of bacon, hardtack and coffee, and was well on his way down the east side of the Funeral range with his canteen full of fresh water and the 10 pound bag of rich ore clutched in his hand when the first rays of dawn tinted the east and Death Valley was again flooded with golden sunlight.

After leaving the Funeral mountains Jones passed into the Amargosa range and camped the next night on Amargosa

river. From there he made his way southeast to Charleston mountain, Good springs, Crescent and Searchlight. Upon his arrival at Searchlight he took about one pound of the rich quartz and had it assayed. It ran \$41,000 in gold to the ton. The remaining nine pounds were ground up in a mortar and returned \$180.00 in gold. With the money so obtained Jones purchased three burros from Winfield Sherman, a desert character well known to Crescent and Searchlight. At a store in Searchlight he purchased provisions and mining tools. He then wrote his sister in the east and was ready to return to the Death Valley country to work his mine. While in the mining town of Searchlight Jones took his meals at Jack Wheatley's eating house and it was there that the writer saw the wonderful ore and heard the story direct from Jones' own lips.

Three days later Jones loaded his outfit on two of the burros, mounted the third and set out across the cactus-covered flats in the direction of Crescent peak. That was the last his friends ever saw of him. It was learned later by his sister who came west to search for him, that he spent the night at the Gus Halfpenney gold mine on the west side of Crescent peak and a few days later passed through Good springs headed for the Death Valley country.

The years passed and no word of Alkali Jones or his Golden Eagle mine ever came out of the desert. Then, one day two old Shoshone Indians making their way across the desert along the east side of the Funeral range came upon the scattered remnants of a weathered pack outfit under a large mesquite tree. Scattered in the sand were some old rusty mining tools, but the body of Jones was nowhere to be found. He is believed to have run out of water somewhere on the desert between the Amargosa river and the eastern foothills of the Funeral range and to have started out on foot to find the tank of the friendly birds where he had camped only a few weeks before. Either he met with some accident or was overtaken by those twin demons of the desert—heat and thirst. The burros no doubt eventually joined the wild herds which roam that region.

Jones' Golden Eagle mine may have met the fate which is known to have overtaken more than one rich deposit in the Death Valley region, where winds of hurricane velocity sweep across the desert at certain seasons of the year. These winds carry great volumes of sand and may pile up a drift many feet in depth within a week's time.

But the same wind which often covers rich ore deposits may sooner or later expose them to view again, and there is always the possibility that a prospector may come upon a rich claim in a region previously trod by other gold-seekers.

## Sez Hard Rock Shorty of . . . Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



"Naw," grumbled Hard Rock. "I don't go deer huntin' no more. Too complicated now what with the National Park service an' the rangers an' all. Got to look too many ways afore yuh dare shoot!"

Hard Rock drew a bead on a passing bug and annihilated it with a slug of ambeer. And having demonstrated his marksmanship he relaxed in the shade and enjoyed the respite from the Inferno sun.

"Has it got horns? Has they got branches on 'em? Is thuh season open? Are yuh in the park? Is the rangers lookin'? Yuh got to stop an' take yerself to court afore yuh aims yore rifle.

"I like to got into it oncet a couple years ago an' after that I quit. I was huntin' over on the Darwin side an' was slidin' along easy when I seen a nice buck. I went through the catchecism—season open—horns enough—right close to the park line, might even be in it—but no rangers was in sight. So I up with Old Betsy an' he gives one jump an' falls over. I hustle over quick—still no rangers in sight! I'd nailed 'im dead center but where in blazes was that park line? I find one sign an' back up an' sight acrosst to another. That blamed deer with his last jump had landed right acrosst the park line! He was half in an' half out! Worst of all, the hind end was in the park.

"I look around quick—still no rangers. So I spin the deer around with his head in the park, take out my knif an' cut 'im in two at the neck. Then I take my half home an' leaves the park half layin' there."





*General view of Salt hill where the caves are located. Much of this hill is now under the waters of Lake Mead, but during the coming fall and winter season the waters will recede to the extent that the main cave will be accessible.*

## Salt Caves of the Ancients

By JOHN W. HILTON  
Photos by U.S. Park Service

**T**ORCHLIGHT flickered on ruddy skins and rippling muscles as the workers in the cave swayed with the rhythm of their task. The monotonous thud, thud of crude chopping stones was broken occasionally by a guttural exclamation from one of the workmen.

On the floor lay freshly broken salt crystals, sparkling like jewels where a shaft of sunlight found its way through the entrance of the cavern. And they were jewels—of far greater value to these aborigines of the Lost City of Nevada than would have been stones of ruby or diamond. For this salt not only was food for the Indians who worked so laboriously to obtain it, but it was a valuable medium of barter in the trade carried on with tribesmen from distant points.

The scene I have described is a picture

of the southern Nevada salt caves perhaps 800 or 1000 years ago—as visualized by archaeologists who have done extensive research in this region. The first white men to enter these salt caves found many artifacts, indicating long and tedious labor in what must have been one of the earliest mining ventures in the Southwest.

Today the scene has changed. Rising Lake Mead has all but covered the last of these deposits. Each year more masses of the overhanging cliffs are toppled into the water by the undermining action of the waves. This wave action is also uncovering more stone artifacts, discarded by the early miners in the waste dump at the mouth of the cave (now part of the beach).

The tool most often found here is the

John Hilton didn't discover this crystal field—but he came along 800 or 1000 years after its original owners had disappeared, and decided it would make an interesting field trip for the rockhounds of today. So here is the story. This is one mineral field where you can take the whole family, whether they like rocks or not, and know they will be having a good time while you are exploring the ancient cave where the aborigines mined their salt crystals.

chopping stone which is nothing more than a large quartzite boulder of the right natural shape and size to be held in two hands. This stone has been crudely chipped at one end to a rough cutting edge and the remainder left as the Indian found it. If these tools were found elsewhere, it is doubtful if any but trained archaeologists would recognize them as Indian artifacts at all. A few smaller cobbles roughly grooved for handles are still unearthed but these also are crude in their workmanship. I first heard about these old salt caves at the Lost City museum. Perry Convis, custodian, showed me numerous relics that give an almost unbroken record of the mining operations carried on by the ancients.

Appropriately displayed under glass and assembled under the direction of



M. R. Harrington, are the tools and equipment that were used, together with bits of torches, mescal sandals, and other small articles that probably were discarded or dropped in the dark and lost. These odd bits along with scraps of food such as mescal chews, corn cobs, mesquite beans and squash seeds are accompanied by drawings and photos explaining how they fitted into the life of the Lost City people.

In another case are arranged the various articles found in the ruins but identified as having been brought here by distant tribesmen. The map accompanying this exhibit gives a graphic picture of the extent of the trading relations between Lost City people and Indians from places as far away as the Pacific coast.

Time should be taken for a thorough inspection of the Lost City museum before a trip to the salt caves. The salt deposits have a more thrilling significance for those who know and can visualize the prehistoric romance of these old diggings.

Where once only sandaled feet of the pueblos trod over the barren wastes, it is now possible to approach the salt caves by three different routes. A very rough desert trail passable to the more daring of the motoring fraternity turns to the right off the road between the Valley of Fire junction and the beach at Overton landing. Since I used this road I can personally testify that this is the most difficult of the three approaches. In the summer this road not only is rough and very hard on the automobile, but it might easily become a dangerous trap. In case of a desert cloudburst, there would be little chance of getting the car up out of the rock-walled narrow stream-bed in time to avert disaster.

Another and better way to reach the cave is to follow the example of its first visitors, and walk. Today the trail follows along the shore of a beautiful lake. The distance from the boat landing where cars may be parked at the end of the pavement, is a little over three miles and should be no great hardship since the route is strewn with interesting pebbles.

These pebbles follow ancient beach lines in the area and are equally as good and of the same origin as those I described near Blythe in the article "Beach Combing on the Desert," in the November 1938 number of Desert Magazine. Here the student of rocks may go beach combing with the cool water lapping at his feet. For these deposits extend from the mesas above the landing down into the water itself.

For desert dwellers, the most pleasant and novel approach to the cave is by boat. Small craft sturdy enough to carry several passengers may be rented by the day at reasonable prices. They are available with or without outboard mo-

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*Floor of the main cave showing the prehistoric Indian method of mining. With crude stone tools the tribesmen cut circles and took out the rock salt in large discs.*

tors according to the personal preference or boating ability of the individual.

There are several obvious advantages to the boat route. For instance, I know families in which one or two members are dyed in the wool rock hounds and the others are bored by even the word. Here at last is a field where both "rock widows and widowers" may enjoy themselves. The fishing and swimming are fine and the scenery is superb. The rock minded members of the family may land and explore the crystal caves to their hearts' content knowing that mama or Uncle Jake "who just hates rocks" is happily boating or fishing and in no hurry to depart from this lovely place.

There are several things to be kept in mind when gathering salt crystals. First, salt is a soft mineral and no matter how fine the crystals may be when they are first picked up, they stand little chance of arriving at their destination in good shape if they are not wrapped properly. Plenty of soft paper and a good carrying sack are among the "must" items for those who would obtain a specimen.

Another thing to remember is that while a small piece of salt is quite brittle and easily broken, thick masses of salt are very tough and take considerable mining to dislodge. For this purpose it is well to carry a small "gad" or chisel to supplement the usual prospect hammer. This tool can be driven into cracks and seams and will do a great deal toward dislodging good samples. A small "pinch bar" would also be a handy tool to have along on a visit to the salt cave.

The seams that carry the best salt

cubes are as much as a foot thick and sometimes contain single glassy crystals up to eight inches across the face. These crystals are intergrown and many times held together by clay, impure salt or gypsum. Between these seams of fine rock salt are softer layers that are composed of thousands of smaller crystals. These layers probably crystallized much more rapidly than those containing the large cubes. The cave is no more than an opening between several of these horizon-

tal beds of salt, the roof being the bottom of one of the harder layers. The floor is somewhat uneven but shows in various steps the parallel layers of salt from which it is formed. It is on the faces of these "steps" that the best crystals can be secured.

To cleave good specimens from these masses it is well to have an old case knife that has been sharpened on the grindstone or cutting wheel. It will be noticed that all the salt crystals have





*Talus pile of rock salt at the base of the cliff which contains the caves.*

square faces meeting at right angles, forming cubes. Salt cleaves along the plane of any one of its six cubic faces. This gives the collector a decided advantage, for these cleavages, if they are not scratched, are almost as fine as if they had been machine polished. To cleave off a surface of a salt crystal, simply place it on a firm but soft support and put the edge of the sharpened case knife across the crystal in a position parallel to the crystal face that needs exposing. A sharp blow of the prospect hammer on the back of the knife will split the crystal along a plane surface leaving a glittering polish.

There are two schools of thought regarding the preparation of such specimens. Some prefer to collect only perfect crystals that have been freshly separated from the parent mass and have all six faces in good proportion with highly polished surfaces. I personally like the ones which are cleaved on one side only, enabling the observer to look down into the water clear crystal and study the clay inclusions and surface patterns on the opposite side. Some of these specimens have smaller crystals penetrating the larger one on the uncleaved side. These show through the polished surface as "phantom cubes" of real beauty.

Another thing to look for is included matter inside of clear crystals. Some specimens that I have seen are very fine in their inclusions. These range from bits of clay, sulphur and iron oxide to hollow cavities and, rarest of all, small spaces filled with salt brine in which tiny air bubbles move about like the indicator in a level.

Specimens of the latter type generally

are rather small and it may take a close examination to find them, but I have little doubt that larger ones could be found with time and patience. These would be welcome additions to any collection, well worth the extra time and trouble.

The beach at the landing affords an excellent camping spot close to picnic tables and sanitary facilities. For those who do not care to "rough it," accommodations and meals are available at Overton a few miles away. Groceries, fresh milk and other needs of the campers may be bought there also.

Each year at the high level of the

lake the water advances to the base of the cliff where the old salt mine is located. Every year more and more material is dissolved away by the high water and large masses of the cliff of impure salt fall into the lake. Since the character of the cave is always changing, it is hard to predict from one season to the other its accessibility to visitors. It is safe to say however that the field will not last forever for the cave is well below the high-water mark of Boulder Dam and a series of wet years will leave it under water for good. At present the level of the lake reaches its lowest point in the late winter and early spring and this is the ideal time to visit the spot. Also, you may be sure that ranchers in Imperial and Yuma and Palo Verde valleys would rather have that salt in your cabinet than in their irrigation water.

With the lake in which to fish and play, and the salt cave to explore, there is plenty to keep any rock minded family busy and happy for several days in the Overton area—days that are bound to pay dividends in happy memories for years to come, which after all are the most valuable things we bring back with us from these excursions into the desert.

The trading in salt crystals did not stop with the decline of the Lost City people, I find. Since my return I have had several trades in this material and while the other parties did not offer me a hind quarter of venison or a freshly made Indian pot, I did get some very nice mineral specimens in return—which doubtless pleased me as much as the various trinkets traded to the Lost City people pleased them.

## *Prizes to Amateur Photographers*

Each month the Desert Magazine offers two cash prizes for the best camera pictures submitted by amateur photographers. The first award is \$5.00 and the second \$3.00.

Pictures are limited to desert subjects, but there is no restriction as to the residence of the photographer. Entries may include Indian pictures, rock formations, flowers and wild animals, canyons, trees, waterholes — in fact everything that belongs to the desert country.

Following are the rules governing the photographic contest:

1—Pictures submitted in the October contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by October 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

4—Prints must be in black and white, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 or larger, and must be on glossy paper.

Pictures will be returned only when stamped envelopes or photo-mailers are enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the October contest will be announced and the pictures published in the December number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

**Contest Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.**



"Our people live close to the soil, and have clung to the ancient ways which they found to be good." This statement from former governor Pablo Abeita of Isleta Pueblo in New Mexico, explains some of the reasons why there is contentment in Isleta despite the lack of many things which white Americans regard as essential to their happiness.

## Tribesman of Isleta Pueblo

By LEON V. ALMIRALL

I met Pablo Abeita in his modest one-story adobe home in the pueblo of Isleta, 12 miles south of Albuquerque, New Mexico. A natural leader among the tribesmen of Isleta, he had served five times as governor of his pueblo.

At the time of my visit he was in retirement—but I instinctively addressed him as "governor." He has the dignity and poise that belong to high office.

Honored by his own people, respected by Anglo-Americans, he has played a very important role in the critical period of the past half century when the Indians of the Southwest have found it necessary to adjust their lives and affairs to a white

man's civilization which has been changing almost too rapidly for the white men themselves to comprehend.

Seated in a comfortable room warmed by brilliantly colored Indian rugs and scarfs, Abeita told me briefly the story of his life.

Born in Isleta pueblo in 1870, he re-

*Women of Isleta still cling to the traditional methods of baking their daily bread.*

ceived his education in the mission school of the Christian Brothers at Santa Fe.

"Even as a young fellow," he said, "I had the urge to be well educated so that eventually I could return to my people and help them climb the ladder toward a better life. My first position was with a large hardware merchant in Santa Fe, but I left that to work for the old Morning Democrat at Albuquerque.

"That brought me close to my native



Pablo Abeita, five times governor of Isleta pueblo.



pueblo, and enabled me to enter actively into the affairs of Isleta. It was not long before my people offered me a position of such importance that I could give up my printing job and establish my permanent home in Isleta.

"Then in 1894 I was elected governor of the pueblo, serving the usual term of one year. Five times I have held that office, the last in 1929."

With the mention of 1929 I felt impelled to inquire to what extent Isleta had been affected by the financial panic which swept over the country in that year. For just a fraction of a second a smile lurked in the corners of his weather-etched face — but his answer was serious.

"Politics," he said, "has no place, or at least is not as important in our pueblos as in the world outside. Our idea of life and living is different from that of your own race. True, time does not stand still. We are advancing, but we cling to those ideals which have always proved best for the welfare of our pueblos and our people."

"Possibly one reason we have weathered bad times better than have some others is because life with us means straight thinking and the retention of good principles."

"Another factor that has helped us is that our main occupation is farming. Living close to the earth does something beneficial to men's nature. There are few stores in our village, for the wares sold across the counters are merely side lines to our real method of making a living. What we raise, we eat or sell. Or if we have a surplus, we feed it to our stock. Yet, again, we may trade it with some of our neighboring pueblos for produce we do not raise."

"If one owns land, he can at least live; providing one chooses to utilize his energy and acreage for that purpose."

I was tempted to ask Pablo Abeita what he thought about the prevalent inclination to ease the white man's burden by paying him not to use either his energy or his acreage. But I passed it by. Instead, I asked him if in Isleta poverty, too, had been avoided.

"Your people have a saying, I think, something about 'The poor are always with us.'"

"Well, we also have our poor, but not many. Those who suffer in this manner, do so generally as a result of age or illness, rather than from a disinclination to work, or because, shall I say, of some method of arranged leisure."

"Our poor are taken care of by the people of the pueblo, which is officiated over by the governor. They may go to the general store in the pueblo and obtain, free of charge, a certain amount of necessities. The store is reimbursed from a fund subscribed for the purpose. Scrupulous care is taken that no imposition on

this charitable contribution is condoned."

He invited me to accompany him on a stroll through the village. On each side of the narrow dirt streets were one-story 'dobe houses. Abeita pointed to the only building in the pueblo over one story in height.

"There is the old Church of Isleta. Three hundred years old, and older actually than the one in Santa Fe, despite the fact it was not entirely completed originally. In it lies the martyred body of Padre Juan de Padilla, whose coffin rises to the surface of the ground from time to time, though buried again and again."

I had been skeptical regarding this much-publicised phenomenon, but when Pablo Abeita made the statement, I would no more have questioned it, than I would have contradicted any other statement he had made about the pueblo. He assured me he had seen it happen, often.

The dusky faces of those who passed by us were peaceful. Their movements were quiet and unhurried. Their cheerful softly spoken greetings bore the evidence of their satisfaction with things as they existed in their pueblo.

## *"Jackrabbit Homestead" Applicants Deluge Los Angeles Land Office*

Horned toads and jackrabbits in many remote parts of the desert region will have new neighbors if all the five-acre tract applications now pending in the Los Angeles Land office are granted.

According to Registrar Paul B. Witmer, 225 applications were received during the first two weeks following August 9 when his office began receiving them. Scores of prospective applicants visit the Los Angeles office daily seeking information and securing the necessary blanks.

For those desiring to make application for the government's five-acre tracts, the first step is to locate the land to be purchased, then verify the fact that it is open to entry, and then file application on forms provided by the Land office.

The Land office has township plats of all the land in its jurisdiction, and these may be inspected at the Los Angeles office. As these plats are part of the master file maintained by the government it is not possible to send them out by mail or otherwise.

As soon as an application is filed, that tract is closed to further entries, thus avoiding any likelihood of duplicate claims.

Some delay is expected before applications finally are accepted or rejected due

So, in the midst of depression, strife and turmoil, here were people who could afford to smile and be pleasant, human beings who could laugh, not with loud guffaws of derision, but with deep mirth of contentment.

There was much more to be learned from this fine old Indian, who had held every office of importance his people could bestow upon him, including the high position of judge of the Court of Indian Offenses. But time was passing. I bade him goodbye, thanking him for his hospitality.

Now and then we exchange postals, and several times since that eventful day, I have dropped in to say "buenas dias" to Pablo Abeita and his charming wife, the latter well educated and a pianist of fine ability.

Having met Pablo Abeita, I can understand better the term "noble redman." He is all of that—a man from whom some of the governors and other leaders of our great American commonwealths might relearn some of the basic truths which have been confused by the ballyhoo of our American political system.

to the necessity of sending government field men out to inspect and verify each tract prior to its allotment. The rush of applications has been greater than anticipated, and the Land office is handicapped for the present by shortage of field personnel.

According to Witmer it is the policy of the federal government to enter into a five-year lease before actually selling the land to the applicant. At the end of the lease period the occupant will have the option of buying the property, the minimum price being \$1.25 an acre.

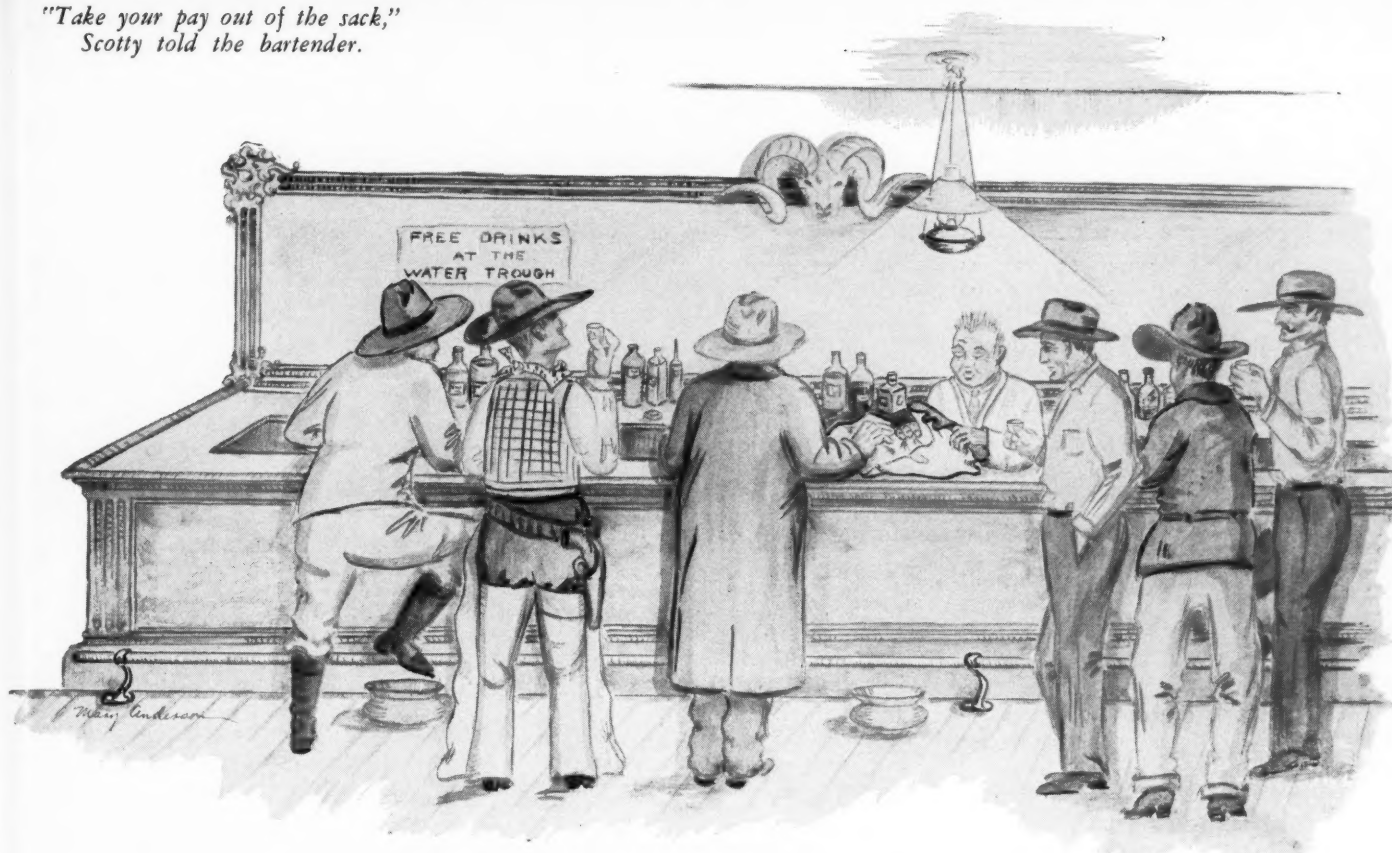
Approximately 75 percent of the applications filed in the Los Angeles office are for five-acre sites in the general vicinity of Twentynine Palms, California. No reports are available from other Land offices in the Southwest, but it is understood Southern Californians have shown greater interest in the new "jackrabbit homesteads" than elsewhere.

With millions of acres of public domain available for lease or purchase, it is anticipated that many hundreds of applications will be made during the next few months.

Complete text of the federal regulations governing this new homestead procedure was published in the August '40 issue of *Desert Magazine*.



"Take your pay out of the sack,"  
Scotty told the bartender.



Many are the fables told about Death Valley Scotty. In fact, he is no amateur himself, when it comes to inventing tall tales. This one was told by some of his old friends of mining boom days. It may be true—or not. You can take your choice.

## When Scotty Had it in the Bag

By CHRISTOPHER C. WRIGHT  
Illustration by Mary Anderson

FEDERAL revenue agents have been sleuthing around again — trying to find the source of Death Valley Scotty's fabulous source of gold.

According to one of Scotty's stories he found a very rich ledge of ore 30 years ago, and cached his wealth in various places in his Death Valley empire. And it is still there. Which of course, if true, would exempt him from the income tax law for the reason that no such law existed 30 years ago.

Of course the publicity which has attended Scotty's latest clash with the revenue collectors has revived some of the old mining camp tales in which the mystery man of Death Valley played a leading role. Here is one of the stories:

In 1910 Winnemucca, Nevada was enjoying the publicity of the National mine, which by reason of its fabulously rich production was the sensation of the mining world. At a time when excitement was running high, Ike Winap, an

Indian known as Indian Ike, appeared one day with his pockets filled with white honeycomb quartz shot through with gold. Some of the specimens contained as much gold as rock. He sold chunks on the street at ridiculously low prices. Specimens weighing from one to two pounds, half of which was gold that could be hammered into jewelry, went for \$2.50 to \$5, the Indian apparently not realizing their true value.

After making a sale he would take his family, consisting of his wife, Lizzie, a daughter about 11, and two small sons, to Turin Brown's store and buy them candy, cookies and fruit. They were a familiar picture sitting on the curb in front of the store eating fruit and sweets and watching the sights of the mining camp. Ike would lay in a supply of groceries sufficient to last till his next trip to town.

He lived on a small allotment of land the government had given him in Humboldt canyon about five miles east of Humboldt house, an early-day eating sta-

tion on the Southern Pacific, and now a section house. To reach his place he had to pass through the ghost town of Humboldt city, past the ruins of one house now marked "Mark Twain's Cabin." Unionville, where Twain lived for a time and where he made his discovery of "fool's" gold, about which he tells in his book "Roughing It," was just over the mountain. Old-timers proudly tell that the famous humorist wrote to the Virginia City Enterprise that this was "the richest place on God's footstool." So these stories gave the locality a glamorous setting for the prospector's wildest dreams.

Many men quizzed Ike, and some tried to follow him to his mine, but he invariably led them in the wrong direction.

Some one induced Death Valley Scotty to leave his desert retreat and make the search.

"We'll soon know where Ike got that

stuff, for Scotty can smell gold a mile away." This was the sentiment of the community.

After combing Humboldt canyon and adjacent hills for several weeks, Scotty arrived in Winnemucca one day. Those who had never seen him recognized him at once, for all had heard of his slouch hat, blue flannel shirt, and the overcoat which he wore in summer as well as winter. Some said he never took the coat off, even when he went to bed. Nobody could wear it in Death Valley with the thermometer at 120 in the shade—if shade could be found—no one but Scotty.

Loungers at the depot came to life when Scotty stepped from the train with a flour sack of rock slung over his shoulder. Here was an event in the history of Winnemucca.

Frank L. Reber, editor of the National Miner, expressed the sentiments of the onlookers: "Boys, I knew he'd find it. We're going to see the biggest boom here since Goldfield."

"Hi! Scotty! Let us see what you've got!" called George Rose, mining writer of the Humboldt Star.

"Yes, open up the sack and give us a look," said Shorty Johnson.

Scotty ignored all requests to open the sack, but there was a broad smile on his face, which the crowd interpreted as meaning that the great man had nothing in all the world to worry about. Scotty was saying nothing. That was his way. He could afford to be mum. Let others talk and say what they wanted to.

Scotty started down the street toward town, the depot crowd at his heels. It was a coveted privilege merely to walk with him, even if he would not talk—just to walk behind him.

Coming to the first saloon, Scotty turned in, saying: "I'm dry. Can you fellows stand a drink?" He tossed the sack on the bar. "What'll it be, fellows?"

"Take your pay out o' the sack," Scotty told the bartender. Everyone craned his neck for a good look. The bartender untied the string and reverently looked in.

"Ye-ow-ow!" he yelled and jumped back, dropping the open end of the sack on the bar. Scotty smiled, and tied the string again without letting anybody get a glimpse of his specimens.

"The drinks is on the house," said the bartender after he had regained his composure.

"How'd it look?" asked one of the onlookers.

"Boys, she's great! It puts new life in to you just to look at it. Bet I don't sleep a wink tonight, just thinkin' about it."

The crowd increased as Scotty continued his way to the next saloon. There, too, the bartender jumped back in surprise, and there also the "house" re-

fused to take money from a prospector who had made so rich a mining strike. So they went on to the next thirst station. The result was the same, except the crowd was bigger.

Copperstain Edwards, now feeling quite inflated, crowded forward. "I'm goin' to see what's in that sack," he said as he reached for it. But Scotty, without a word, grabbed his hand with a vice-like grip and he gave up the notion.

"Copperstain," whispered Hobe Luther to Edwards, "when Scotty gets a few more under his belt we'll pump 'im about that gold."

"By the way, Scotty," said Phil Blume,

## Mines and Mining . .

Silver is No. 1 metal in diversified industrial uses, surpassing iron, aluminum and copper. Physicist Alexander Goetz of the California institute of technology will make this assertion to the American mining congress in its Denver session this fall. Among other purposes for which silver is excellent, Dr. Goetz cites commercial possibility of lining non-returnable cans with a silver coat on copper-plated steel down to 1-millionth of an inch in thickness. A coating for cans annually would absorb 4 million to 5 million ounces of silver, or one-fifth of the total silver consumption in this country, he says. Eventually silver as a sterilizing agent may replace chlorine and other germicides for purification of municipal water supplies, the scientist predicts.

### Barstow, California . . .

Grace Finley, who mines alone and likes it (See Desert Magazine, July 1940) in an abandoned mining camp 37 miles north of here, has found money in mining. According to the Printer-Review, Miss Finley hitch-hiked to northern California after corresponding with a mine owner there, inspected a mine property. Then she agreed to sell the mine for half the proceeds, hitch-hiked again to San Francisco (she had \$2.50 in her hip pocket) and made a sale. Miss Finley says she got half of the down payment and an agreement by which she will receive \$150 a month for life. She adds, "I bought some new clothes, came back to Barstow, paid all my bills and bought some more clothes."

### Globe, Arizona . . .

Arizona small mine operators association in third annual convention here adopted a resolution calling on congress to vote a moratorium on claim assessment work for men conscripted under the national defense program. William J. Graham was re-elected president and Charles A. Willis will continue to serve as secretary. On an initiative measure to legalize gambling in Arizona, the convention decided to take no stand.

### Kingman, Arizona . . .

Lessees of the Shooting Star claim near the old Kingman zinc mine report receipt of returns of \$17,565.87 from a shipment of five tons of ore containing 106 ounces of gold and 35 ounces of silver per ton. Earlier shipment of five tons gave them returns of 66 ounces of gold per ton. Operators say the ten tons represented ten days' work.

proprietor of the El Dorado Hotel, "the Goldfield News says you bought a big truck. What are you going to use it for?"

"Haul hay for the mules."

"And what do you want the mules for?"

"Haul gas for the truck." Everybody haw-hawed.

When the last saloon was visited, and Copperstain and Hobe had been left under the table a few doors back, Scotty, just feeling mellow and friendly to all the world, emptied the sack onto the bar, and there among the common country rocks, with not a speck of gold, lay coiled a dead rattlesnake.

### Bullfrog, Nevada . . .

Fifty tons of ore are being shipped daily from the old Bullfrog-Rhyolite district. As a result of revival of activity, N. M. Simons writes from Beatty, "Some evenings remind the old-timers of earlier days."

### Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Pumpnick valley, south of the old gold camp of Golconda is shipping a carload of manganese ore daily and promises to develop into one of the most important producers of this ore in the west. Mining began last March and substantial reserves are reported in sight. Several deposits in the district are attracting attention.

### Patagonia, Arizona . . .

Circle Z cattle and guest ranch owners have filed suit against the American Smelting and refining company asking \$100,000 because the defendant company has allowed waste water, mill tailings, sludge, slickings and slimes from the Trench mine to drain into Sonoita creek which runs a distance of one mile through the 800-acre ranch. With water thus polluted, it is claimed new watering places must be constructed for cattle. And ranch guests and employees find tailings in the creek adhere to their boots and shoes, even causing the hair to slough off the legs of horses, it is asserted.

### Hot Springs, New Mexico . . .

Discovery near here is reported of what is claimed to be largest deposit of high-grade manganese ore ever uncovered in the United States. According to M. L. Hurley, manager of the New Mexico chamber of commerce, the ore runs more than 30 per cent manganese.

### Carson City, Nevada . . .

Said to have been discovered more than 70 years ago and visited by only three people, a fabulously rich mine near Lake Tahoe is to be the object of another search. According to the story, rich ore apparently had been spewed out of a volcanic vent three to four feet wide in granite. A woman said to be the only person knowing location of the bonanza and heirs of an estate owning the property are considering the organization of a syndicate for development.





## Pediocactus simpsonii

By GEORGE OLIN

**T**HIS spiny little plant is a maverick among cacti—it ranges far out of the desert and it varies so greatly in appearance that specimens might often be mistaken for different species. It not only thrives where rainfall is plentiful but seems to prefer a cold winter climate with snow in which to go through its dormant period. Its distribution, according to Britton and Rose, is "Kansas to New Mexico, north to Nevada, Washington, Idaho, and Montana." Bailey locates it in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada.

Originally grouped with *Echinocactus* by Engelmann, Britton and Rose later created the genus *Pediocactus* for this single species. Its present name, from the Greek meaning Plains Cactus, is descriptive of its habit of growth. Although nearly always found in more or less level stretches of stony plateaus of semiarid western states, it is occasionally found in isolated clumps among the conifers at high altitudes. It is becoming increasingly difficult to find perfect specimens, for much of its range is used as grazing ground for sheep, and their sharp hoofs mutilate the smaller plants.

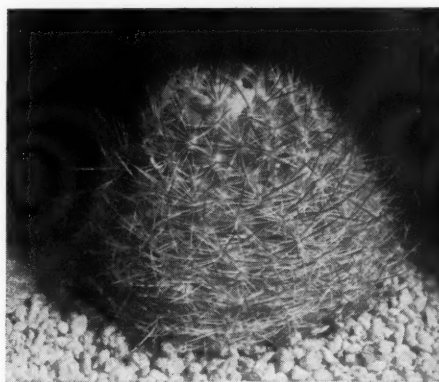
One's first impression of the Plains cactus is—"What a sticky looking plant!" The low globular body seems crowded with spines extending at every angle. Closer study reveals that the spines rise from tubercles which ascend in spiral rows from the base. Each tubercle has from 12 to 20 radial spines which are usually white. The central spines number from 5 to 7 and are much stouter and longer than the radials. In color they vary from white at the base and reddish brown at the tips to an almost jet black form found in Washington.

The flowers are up to 1 inch in diameter and rise from near the tip of the plant. They are surrounded at the base by a brownish white wool. The color of the flower varies a great deal—it ranges from a light shade of yellow to a rich

pink. The stamens are a bright yellow and the style is a paler shade of yellow sometimes slightly tinged with green. The flowers open during the late forenoon and last for several days. At night they will close almost entirely and then open again on the following day.

It should be borne in mind when trying to identify this plant that it is one of the most variable in its characteristics of any of our northern cacti. The plants near the eastern portion of the range are almost always solitary and quite small—from 2 to 5 inches in diameter and 1 to 3 inches in height. The spines are light in color and comparatively weak. As they work westward the plants become more robust and those found in Washington may form clumps up to a foot in diameter and 6 inches high. The spines darken to a deep shining brown color and in some cases plants with black spines have been found.

Favorite cactus blossom of J. Smeaton Chase is that of *Echinocereus engelmannii* which he described in his "California Desert Trails": "The plant looks like a colony of a dozen or so spiny cucumbers, set up on end, generally under the shade of a creosote bush or in the lee of a boulder. I have no grudge against this fellow, who bites only if you strike him. The blossom is a most charming one, a sheeny, rose-like cup of superb purple or wine color, crowded with golden-anthered stamens and with a pistil breaking into soft green plumes that curl as daintily as a moth's antennae."



*This specimen of Plains Cactus was found in central Utah.*

## Los Angeles Notes

Coming event for Southwest Cactus growers November 9, 10, 11 is the Plant Photograph show, at Manchester playground, 8800 South Hoover Street, Los Angeles. All entries must be presented to the show committee on or before October 30. Contact show chairman Waldie Abercrombie, 3813 Broadway, Huntington Park.

Growers are divided into two teams competing in eight contests. Beginning August 13 with a plant naming contest, competition will continue for the 12 best assorted succulents, 12 best assorted cacti, 12 best succulents of one genus, 12 best cacti of one genus. October 1, judges will choose the best bowl, bouquet or decorative arrangement; October 8, best educational exhibit; October 22, best pot grown specimen. The losing team will entertain the winners October 29.

George Olin's July demonstration talk on grafting attracted such interest, that the subject was continued at the beginner's night program August 27.

Recent Growers programs have featured colored motion pictures and slides. Fred Gibson, director of Boyce Thompson Southwestern Arboretum at Superior, Arizona, showed slides and gave an Arizona plant travelog talk. John Akers, vice-president of the Growers, showed motion pictures of his Arizona-Nevada trip. Colored slides of plants and landscapes were shown by George Olin and E. S. Taylor.

### Cactus Garden Contest

Resuming its meeting in September, the Desert Garden club of Boulder City, Nevada again turned its attention to the annual cactus garden contest, in which the silver and crystal Frona Waite Colburn traveling trophy is awarded. Club members who have cactus gardens to enter should report to club president Mrs. R. G. MacDonald. Award will be made in December.

Common notion that cacti have spines to "protect" them, as result of natural selection, is now held by scientists as less probable than that their development has been a direct physiological effect of climatic elements of the desert.

George Thurber, in whose honor the Organ Pipe cactus was named (see Desert Magazine, July 1940), was botanist of the Mexican boundary survey, 1850-1854. The new plants which he collected on this trip were described in *Plantae Novae Thurberiana*. His contribution was recognized by Asa Gray, who named nine plant species and one genus for him. Thurber lived from 1821 to 1890.

# BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

## QUEST FOR THE FABLED SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA

The Southwest with its treasure chest of gold, silver and gems was destined, perhaps from the beginning, to be a mecca for many of the famed adventurers of the world. A great land full of colorful contrasts and striking incongruities, it has beckoned to soldiers of fortune through the centuries. Among the many the figure of the gallant Francisco Vasquez Coronado stands out, typifying the spirit of adventure and exploration in the New World.

The spectacular trek of the youthful conquistador in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola, the fabulous cities of gold, has been a favorite with writing men. With *CORONADO'S QUEST*, A. Grove Day joins the ranks of historians, biographers and novelists who have been intrigued with the subject. All have spent time and effort in research in the hope of recapturing some of the drama of the past, that some of its fascination might be passed on to others. Emphasis has varied. Some have caught the tremendous accomplishment of the great march itself; some concentrated on its effect on southwestern civilization.

Day turns the spotlight on Coronado, the man. With a deft touch he pictures the character and the personality behind the daring expedition.

In a grand review held on the green plateau of Compostela on the bright Sunday morning of February 22, 1540, Captain Francisco Vasquez Coronado presented his little army of Iberian blue bloods before Viceroy Mendoza and other royal officials. The next day the march northward to the Seven Cities of Cibola was begun. Chivalrous, knightly, imbued with an unquenchable crusading spirit they set out to penetrate the heart of the American continent and take possession of the riches to be found in a land said to be studded with gold.

A dangerous road lay ahead for the elaborately equipped expeditionary force, a road that led through a strange, unconquerable desert, into hostile camps of the unknown red man, ever farther from food and supplies. For two years, led on by extravagant tales of the Seven Cities of Cibola, they pushed ahead in spite of hardship, hunger, winter's cold and morale-breaking battles, constantly alternating between hope and despair.

The story of *CORONADO'S QUEST* is written in popular style, readable and

by necessity dramatic while adhering faithfully to historic values.

Gold-stamped cloth binding, 6 illustrations, map, notes, chronology, bibliography, index. 418 pages. University of California Press. \$2.50.

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## FIRST AID BOOK FOR THE PUZZLED ROCK COLLECTOR

For mineral dealers, chemists, school instructors, and amateur rock collectors who take their hobby seriously, a new and very complete handbook has been published for the identification of specimens.

*MINERAL IDENTIFICATION SIMPLIFIED* is the title of the volume, and the author is Orsino C. Smith, president of the Los Angeles Mineralogical society and a chemist and teacher of high standing in his profession.

Every known mineral—over 2000 of them—is listed, and the identification is based on simple specific gravity and hardness tests. The descriptive tables include color, streak, luster, cleavage, fracture and crystal systems.

The book is well indexed, and the arrangement is so simplified as to make it available for quick reference. As a further aid to the amateur the more common minerals are listed in bold type.

The volume is sold under a money back guarantee and is published by Wetzel Publishing company, Los Angeles. Flexible leather binding, 5x7½, 250 pages. \$3.50.

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## HE BLAZED NEW TRAILS INTO THE SOUTHWEST

In Arizona a mountain and a river have been named Bill Williams, but the character and achievements of the man thus honored remained in comparative obscurity until 1936 when Alpheus H. Favour, a Prescott attorney, wrote his book *OLD BILL WILLIAMS, Mountain Man*.

Published by the University of North Carolina Press, the book has not been circulated as widely as it deserves—for it represents one of the most exhaustive research tasks undertaken by any western historian.

Bill Williams was one of those hardy frontiersmen who served as trapper, trader and guide in the Southwest during the exploratory period following the purchase of the Louisiana territory from France in 1803.

"Old Solitaire" the other trappers called him. He was a man of outstand-

ing courage and skill at a time and in a region where only men of superlative cunning and hardihood survived.

From 1825 until 1849 he trapped and traded and fought Indians from the Arkansas river to the Pacific coast—and then met a tragic death at the hands of his one-time friends, the Ute tribesmen.

The trappers and explorers of that early day kept few records—and this fact made the task of compiling a complete life story of Bill Williams a difficult one. The conscientious manner in which the author devoted himself to his research is evidenced by the 35 pages of footnotes and bibliography in the appendix of the book. Mr. Favour died since the volume was published. 229 pages. Maps. Index. \$3.00.

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## WHEN BANDITS RODE IN THE DESERT WILDERNESS

Matt Warner was a member of the old Butch Cassidy gang in the days when thieving and banditry played an important part in the frontier life of the Southwest.

Most of those who lived by the gun died the same way—but one of the few exceptions was Matt Warner who reformed in a western prison, was pardoned, and spent the latter years of his life as an exemplary citizen. He died in 1938.

Matt Warner's story is told in *LAST OF THE BANDIT RIDERS* by Murray E. King and has been published by the Caxton Printers at Caldwell, Idaho.

Warner was launched in a career of lawlessness at the age of 14 when he became involved in a quarrel over a girl. He thought he had killed his antagonist and fled to the wilderness where he joined the McCarty brothers and Cassidy in some of the most daring of their raids.

King has repeated the story just as Warner told it—in the language of the western frontier, making it a vivid and authentic record of one of the most colorful periods in the development of the Southwest.

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## STORY OF DESERT MYSTERY TO APPEAR IN BOOK FORM

The story of the desert journeys of Everett Ruess, writer and artist who disappeared in the Utah wilderness in 1934, will appear in book form. The book is a compilation of letters published serially in the *Desert Magazine* in 1939 plus a great deal of additional material from letters, diaries and other sources. It will be illustrated by many of the woodcuts made by the young adventurer. The book is being published by the *Desert Magazine* at its El Centro publishing plant and will be off the press in October.

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## Desert Wisdom

BY THE OLD HOMESTEADER  
Anza, California.

Gay Cactus flower, radiant, divine,  
That sips the evening dew and morning wine;  
Quite brilliantly your variegated gold  
Flings far the beauty that we'd love to hold.

Yet one must pause, ere taking you in hand,  
Your duty is to decorate the land;  
And countless thorns repel the lover's touch,  
Proclaiming that you never care for such.

So, regally you bloom with vivid grace,  
Enhancing rocky slope and sandy place;  
Where eyes may view your lovely shades with  
greed,  
Enjoying but not touching—wise indeed!

### DESERT SONG

BY ALBERTA GLOVER  
Arlington, California

The desert is still except for the song  
Of a night-bird over the dune.  
The Joshua trees  
Stand stark in the breeze  
While the palm trees softly commune.

The soul of a man is filled with the calm  
And is deeper for having known  
The peace of heart  
That becomes his part  
From a night on the desert alone.

### O BARREN LAND

BY LYNN HAMILTON  
Banning, California

The desert's grim and silent beauty grips  
My heart as milder beauty never could:  
These barren cliffs like stately phantom ships  
Upon a dead and empty sea have stood  
Unmoved by time while softer beauty passed  
Into decay; this beauty does not die . . .  
Above the still white sands so lone and vast—  
There circling high against a sapphire sky,  
A thin black line of grace—a flippant hawk  
With dagger-pointed wing defies the sun! . .  
Below, across hot sands lean coyotes stalk  
Their prey—and dry bones bleach till time  
is done . . .

O Barren Land, lone as the lone wolf's cry,  
Your grim beauty will haunt me until I die! . .

### DESERT NIGHT

BY ESTELLE THOMSON  
Los Angeles, California

I love the desert day.  
But oh, exquisite velvet desert night!

Rock-high,  
Under my aspen tent I lie  
And watch those gilded lamps hung in the sky.

And as the silver moonlight falls on peaks  
and castle walls  
Red-carved as nature carves—  
Statued for nature's story—  
I thrill with awe to even breathe—  
So marvelous the mystery and the glory  
Of desert night.

### CREED OF THE DESERT

BY JUNE LE MERT PAXTON  
Yucca Valley, California

The parched shrubs droop each weary  
limb.  
Death stalks upon the desert floor.  
But wait—above the thunders, grim  
The rains bring life and joy once more.



### A NORTHERNER SPEAKS

BY INEZ HONADEL STROHM  
Tucson, Arizona

Why should I long to feel beneath my tread  
The cushioned pathways of the wooded north,  
Or see a hundred bird-wings overhead,  
Or hear the rushing wind the pines fling forth?  
Why should I yearn for that mad morning ride  
Through tender, early mists among the hills.  
Where dew-drenched branches try in vain to  
hide

The sparkling glitter of small cliff-born rills?  
Why should I ache to climb a rocky height,  
To lie at rest where fresher breezes play,  
To see young flowers bloom for my delight  
And know a thousand lakes surround my way?  
My soul renews itself in other ways—  
The gold-tipped Catalinas stretch before  
my gaze.

### DESERT MAGIC

BY MARJORIE DROTTZ  
Des Moines, Iowa

What strange and potent lure have they,  
The succulent Cactaceae!  
Who gazes in a cactus flower  
Bewitched is he by magic power.

Names that nearly breathless leave us,  
Ferocactus, latispinus!  
Incantations they must be  
To further eccentricity.

That sudden prick of cactus spine,  
Inoculation subtle, fine.  
Opening eyes that they might see  
Beauty in monstrosity.

### DESERT LAND

BY ORLANDO H. WEIGHT  
Pasadena, California

The wind moans like an evil spirit's cry.  
The heat waves parch the desert wanderer's  
lips.

But when the evening wills that day must die  
And fiery Sol is almost in eclipse,  
The Master Artist takes his brush and dips  
Into the setting sun and tints the sky  
Purple and turquoise blue, and then he slips  
Crimson into the cloud banks drifting by.

The Desert is a land of whim and mood.  
Its beckoning hand lures some to tragedy,  
And some it leads to treasure-troves of gold.  
For those who seek its peaceful solitude  
To muse beneath its star strewn canopy,  
Its mystic charms and fantasies unfold.

### ENCHANTED LAND

BY LAURA BULMER  
Reno, Nevada

Beyond the desert's farther rim,  
Where sentinel mountains stand,  
All hid, mysterious and dim,  
There lies Enchanted Land.

If I could pierce that circling wall  
Before its purple turned to grey,  
Then I might learn its mysteries all,  
And happily, forever stay.

But ever as the road winds on  
The purple hills lose all their glow:  
The light of Fairyland is gone,  
Our mortal speed is far too slow.

But still beyond and far away,  
Another magic wall I see,  
Perhaps across the desert grey,  
Enchantment still awaits for me.

### THE DESERT WARDEN

BY OTTO H. ROWLAND  
Fish and Game Warden  
State of California

A joggin' along on my old dun hoss,  
Ridin' the desert trail.  
Official nursemaid to the mountain sheep,  
Chukkar partridge and desert quail.

A ridin' the trails from here to there  
And travelin' plenty light.  
Makin' my camp by a waterhole  
In the silent desert night.

A joggin' along with a song in my heart,  
And the music of saddle leather,  
The jingle of spurs and the smell of the sage  
In fair and stormy weather.

A breathin' the air from the fires of hell,  
Cooked till it's clean and sweet.  
A buckin' the wind, the sun and the sand,  
Sweatin' from head to feet.

A joggin' along to the end of the trail,  
A praisin' and cussin' the sun.  
Headin' for Heaven in a roundabout way,  
Just a joggin' along on my dun.

Just a joggin' along on my old dun hoss.  
A prayin' we won't be too late  
To join the strays when the tally is made  
For the drive through the Pearly Gate.



"On ridge above the main canyon we found a wind eroded cavern with unmistakable signs of mountain sheep."



"Near the head of Jack Fork or Monsen canyon the native palms had invaded the territory of the piñon pine."

## Forgotten Oasis in Eagle Mountains

By HULBERT BURROUGHS

Photographs by the Author

To most Americans the words "desert oasis" suggest some far off almost mythical haven in the fastnesses of the Sahara or Arabian deserts. They conjure pictures of dark hooded Arabs and camels and a little cluster of date palms surrounded by vast expanses of deadly sand dunes—in some far corner of the earth. Only those who have explored the remote canyons of the Southern California desert are aware that North America also has its oases—more picturesque and thrilling and varied than the oasis of the Far East. In the accompanying story Hulbert Burroughs takes Desert Magazine readers into one of the most accessible of these American oases—and one of the least known.

CHARLES SHELTON and I were out on one of our periodic desert exploring trips. We were heading east along Southern California's Indio-Blythe road when a sign at Shaver's Summit caught our eyes.

*Lost Palms Canyon 5*  
*Monsen Canyon 5*

The arrows pointed to the left—up into the rugged and mysterious Eagle mountains.

I glanced at Chuck. The grin on his face and the look in his eye were all I needed. In a moment we were bumping over a gravelly road aimed straight toward the Eagle mountains.

Once again I felt the indescribable thrill of exploring one of those mysterious desert roads that wind tantalizingly from the main highways toward some distant mountain range or lose themselves in the vast expanse of alluvial plains and dry washes. There is something warm

and intimate about those rutted bumpy roads. Crawling into every small barranca, detouring around a cactus clump, they seem to bring you closer to the earth, make you feel more a part of the desert than the wide-paved highspeed highways. The latter seem a thing apart, an instrument to speed you away from the desert as quickly as possible.

And now as we moved slowly toward the Eagle mountains I felt that warm glow of excitement, the thrill of exploration even though I knew other people had been there before me.

All the way to the foot of the mountains we wound through a veritable forest of cholla cactus. It was the nesting season for the birds and many times we stopped to peek into the wonderfully constructed homes of verdin, thrasher, and cactus wren protected by the needle-like points of the cholla.

About two miles from the highway the

road entered the bed of a dry wash and we started plowing through loose sand. For a short distance it was not bad, but finally we were compelled to stop and reduce the air pressure in the rear tires. With about 15 pounds the tires had just enough to spread and we rode over the sand without trouble.

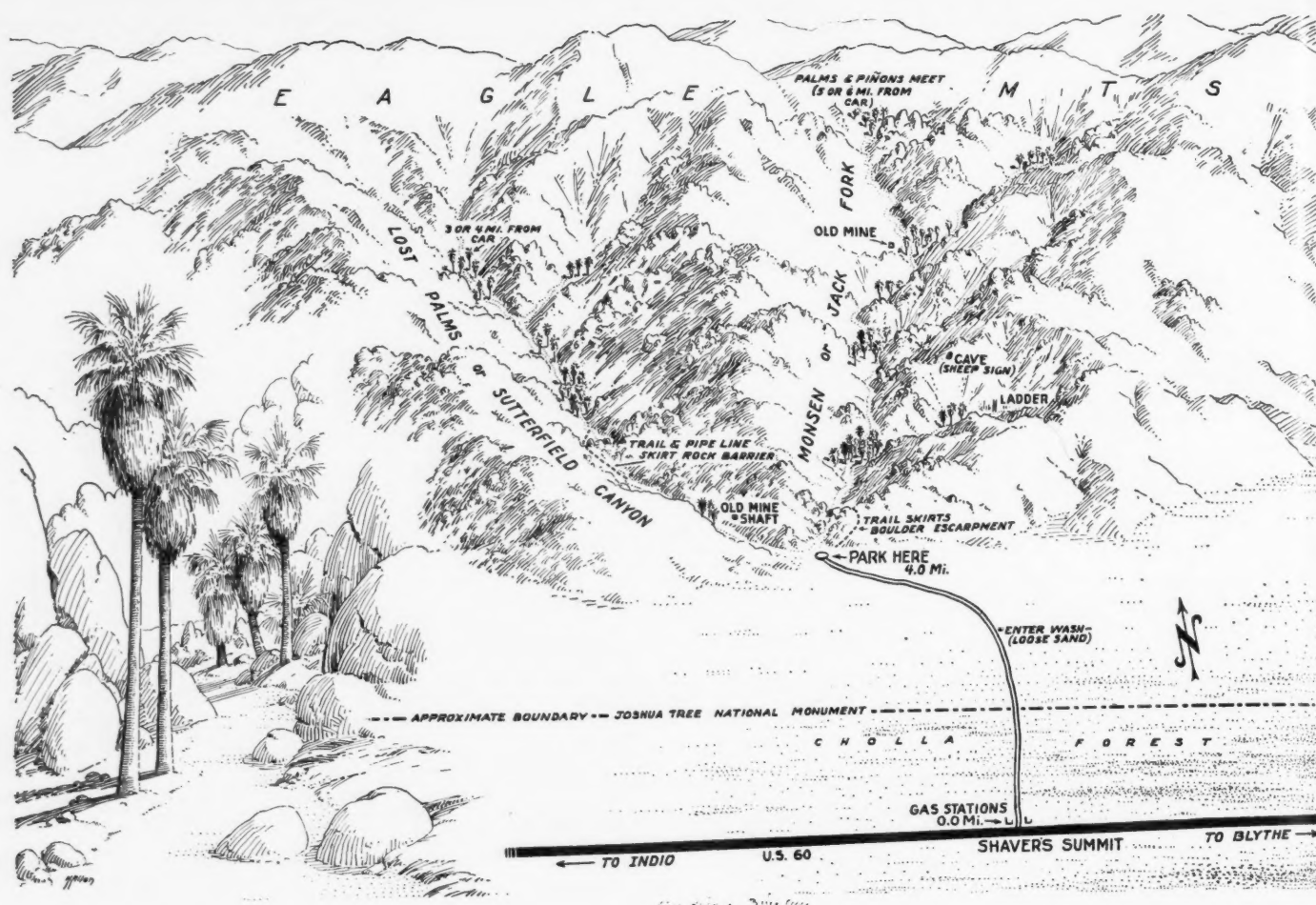
Shortly before reaching the end of the road we swung around a bend and saw two young men seated beneath the meagre shade of a mesquite bush. It was a pleasant and interesting coincidence meeting young Bill Quear and his friend Calvin James of Banning, California. Bill's mother had brought them early that morning to Shaver's Summit and they were hiking along the trail to explore the same canyons where we were going.

So when we finally reached the end of the road exactly four miles from the highway, there were four of us in the expedition. The point where we left the





*The charm of the American oasis is that it is so unexpected. You stumble along a rocky parched canyon floor—and then come suddenly upon a group of stately palms with a crystal-clear spring of good water at their base.*



car was at the fork of two canyons. The one coming in on the left was Lost Palms canyon. And the one on the right Mosen. The mountains here were rugged and barren. The ridge dividing the two canyons and the walls on every side were composed of great tumbling masses of granite boulders. In many respects the landscape was similar to that along the San Diego-El Centro highway where it drops down into the desert. In the bed of the canyon were a few mesquites and creosote bushes, a smoke tree or two, scattered clumps of desert holly. But up among the rocks there seemed no sign of life. Certainly no desert range could have been more waterless and dry. The only intimation we had of things ahead was a rusted brown thread of ancient water pipe that projected out of the rocks of Mosen canyon.

For a moment we surveyed the entrances to the two canyons. We decided first to explore Mosen. But from the rugged escarpment of boulders blocking the entrance in a natural dam it looked at first as though it would not be easy. Finally Bill Quear discovered a trail working diagonally up the slope to the right.

After a short stiff climb we came out

into the sandy boulder-strewn bed of the canyon. The going now was fairly level. Among the rocks we saw clues of what lay ahead — dried palm fronds curled about the upstream face of the rocks, carried down in earlier floods. We quickened our pace.

I doubt if we were more than three quarters of a mile from our car when we came unexpectedly upon a grove of 18 or 20 native palms. Growing out of the boulder choked wash they presented a majestic picture. We hurried forward and soon stood among the tall trees.

#### Frogs on the Desert

Deep among the rocks near the trees were sparkling pools of water. And what was even more amazing several frogs leaped into the water as we approached!

I think the reason why these palm oases of Southern California are so startling is that there usually is no mental preparation for them. You stumble along a parched rocky wash with scarcely a sprig of vegetation on the landscape. Then suddenly the top of a tall palm comes in view, then others, and finally a crystal-clear pool of refreshing water. It is always a thrilling experience.

We sat at the edge of a pool in the shade of the palms. And slowly the desert seemed to come to life. The sad notes of a mourning dove drifted from upstream. A pair of phainopeplas darted past. Later we heard the call of cock quail. Nearby were deep tufts of grass, many wild flowers.

At home we take water and trees for granted. But there in the fastnesses of the Eagle mountains we realized more than ever that water is the very blood of life. Some geological trick of nature had permitted water to come to the surface in this rocky canyon. And inevitably life sought it out, clung to it.

The presence of frogs seems to indicate that there is water in Mosen canyon all the year around. Where it comes from and where it is stored is a mystery. Rain is scarce. One of the men at the Hayfield pumping station a few miles east of Shaver's Summit suggested that it might possibly come along some fault line from San Geronio mountain 70 miles to the northwest. That, he said, is the only source of a large supply of water to account for the continual flow in Mosen and Lost Palms canyons. It would be interesting to return at the end of the sum-

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mer to see if the water really flows all the year.

At this first group of Monsen canyon palms a small branch canyon enters from the east. Near its confluence with Monsen is another stand of palms. We found this little canyon especially interesting. A few hundred yards upstream we came rather suddenly upon a very old ladder leaning against the face of a rocky cliff. We could find no clue as to what it had been used for. We fancied it the hidden means of entrance to some ancient cave, or perhaps to some long forgotten mine.

Climbing farther up canyon we swung up to the top of the ridge. There in a wind and water eroded cave we found innumerable droppings of mountain sheep. We dug in the sand and debris of the cave floor hoping to find some remains of early Indian habitation, but there was nothing.

#### Evidence of Mountain Sheep

Dropping back into Monsen canyon we continued upstream. In the course of its winding rocky path were many more groups of palms. As far as the canyon goes, about five or six miles from the end of the road, there must be close to 150 Washingtonias. At the upper end of the canyon the palms invade the territory of the piñon pine. There great granite megaliths tower above the lesser boulders to create an exciting landscape. Several places along the way we saw distinct signs of mountain sheep. A pair of horns lay in the canyon bottom. In still another cave we found many of their droppings. Some day I'd like to return in the hope of photographing these rare and wary animals.

There has been some speculation about the origin of the trail which we followed up Monsen canyon. Someone has said that it was an old Indian trail. That is not unlikely considering the good water available. But we saw no evidence of potsherds. Several prospecting holes and the site of an old mine lead me to believe that it was made by white men.

Returning to the car at the fork of the two canyons we next started up Lost Palms canyon. About a quarter of a mile from the end of the road is a group of three palms in the bottom of the canyon. Near them an old mine shaft runs horizontally back into the hills. It is abandoned and only a stagnant pool of water lies in the black interior.

Lost Palms canyon is not as long as Monsen. Nor does it have as many palms, 70 or 80 I should say. We did not have time to go its full length, but Bill Quear said he had hiked its entire length and that it is similar to Monsen although not as spectacular in its upper reaches.



*"In a little side canyon we found an ancient ladder. There was no clue as to who made it—or why it was there."*

Since visiting these two oases I've learned that Lost Palms and Monsen canyons are not their original names. Some years ago a writer for a west coast publication visited the two canyons. At that time they were even less known than at present. The writer apparently thought they were unnamed or that he had made a discovery. In any event he gave them their present names. The name Monsen was chosen in honor of the late Frederick Monsen who had been a desert lover and naturalist. Eventually signs were posted giving the new names.

Old timers of the region were quite indignant over this. They resented outsiders

coming into the desert and renaming places that had gone for many years by other names. They said that what is now called Lost Palms canyon was long ago named Sutterfield canyon. Monsen canyon had long been known to them as Jack Fork.

Regardless of what their names, Sutterfield canyon and Jack Fork within the southern limits of the Joshua Tree national monument are destined to be much visited by desert lovers of the future. It is surprising that such a lovely oasis only five miles from a main highway has remained to this day practically unknown to the modern desert wanderer.

Out in a remote region of the desert where Marshal and Tanya South have built a little home on the top of Ghost mountain, and are living under conditions almost as primitive as those of the ancient desert Indians, one of their problems is the education of their two young sons. In his diary this month Marshal gives a glimpse of the school session held each day by Tanya in the shade of a brush ramada.

## DESERT DIARY

By MARSHAL SOUTH

### September at Yaquitepec

HERE is a cool wind drawing in over the summit of Ghost mountain this morning, and far off to the southwest, the mighty crests of the sierras are as smoke with a topping of fog. But Yaquitepec is wrapped in the sparkle of cloudless sunshine. Almost anything can happen at this season, from driving cold snaps to choking summer heat. But today is perfect—one of those dazzling, flawless days of which there seem to be more in the desert than in any other section of the earth. Scouting bees drone contentedly to themselves as they rove among the *ramarillo* bushes and about the opening pods of the dry mescal stalks.

Out under the juniper tree where the bird fountain is, three fawn colored little desert chipmunks are prowling sociably in the shade and thrusting appreciative noses first into the grain pan and then into the drinking water. All the desert is drowsing.

But there is sound across the silence, for Yaquitepec's daily session of school is in full swing. Out at the big, plank table under the shade *ramada* Tanya is guiding our two young hopefuls along the mysterious trail of "Education." A fascinating business, this. Eager voices come to me through the stir of the breeze. Rider is reading from the printed page about a boy named Tom and a girl named Jane, who seem to have cats and rabbits and birthdays—and a lot of other simple things that can be briefly tabulated in big type. And there come often Rudyard's strident remarks. When he gets going he has a voice that is out of all proportion to his size. And he cannot see why he should be outclassed in this "education" business. He has to read too—and count. "Purple!" he states definitely, poking with his finger at a color chart on the book. "—An' blue . . . an' yellow . . . an' gween . . . an' orange . . . an' —"

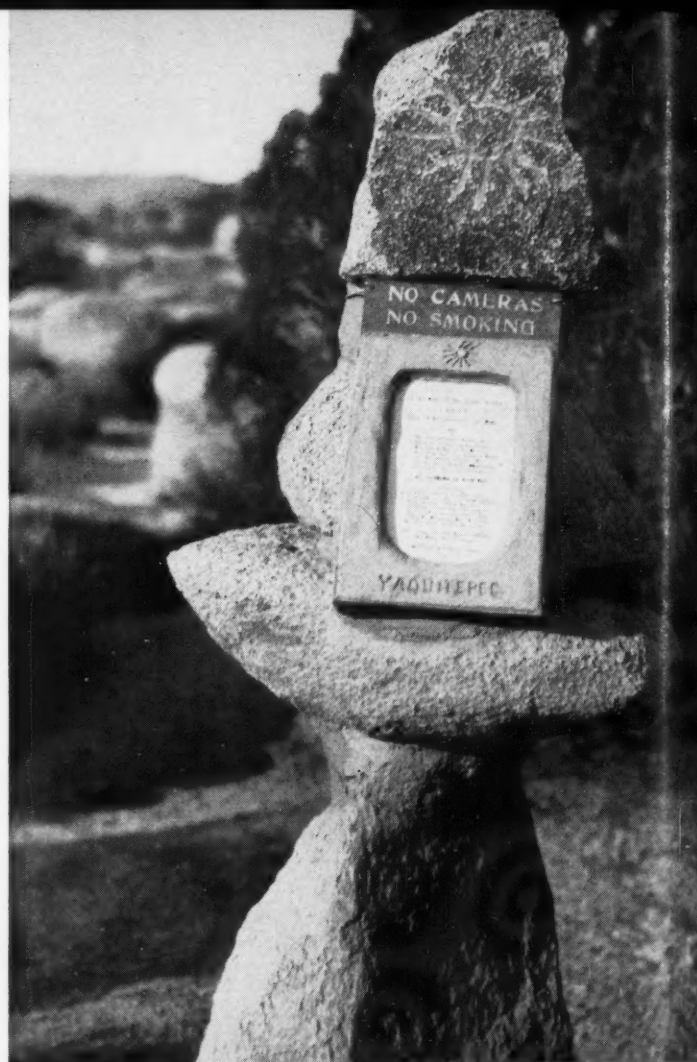
There is the sound of hasty movement by the disciplinarian. "Rudyard! . . . take your hands off that book. You mustn't disturb Rider when he's doing his reading lesson. Wait until you . . ."

"—Owange! Owange! . . . OWANGE!! . . . I wanna read my colors! I wanna wead too! Owange an' purple an' red an' . . . No, I don' wan' that ol' magazine. I wan' my lesson book!"

Storm and tribulation. Brief tempest that settles to the sound of a grumbling monologue and intermittent hammer blows, as Rudyard is finally shunted from "education" to a job of blacksmithing.

Thus it goes. Not too long these daily school sessions. Just enough of the simple things, reading, writing and figures, to whet the childish interest without taxing too heavily the growing brain. It takes time for steel to be tempered and hardened to a keen cutting edge; fully as many unfolding minds have been ruined by overload as by neglect.

But school at Yaquitepec does not really end with the



Not many visitors reach the secluded home of the Souths on the top of Ghost mountain, but for the guidance of those who come, this crude monument has been erected along the trail not far from the cabin. The typewritten inscription is quoted below.

In The Name Of The GREAT SPIRIT,  
P E A C E .

This Is Yaquitepec — Our Home  
And

In Accordance With The Ideals  
Of Peace, Sunshine, Health,  
Simplicity, Bodily Freedom  
And The Simple Faith In The  
GREAT SPIRIT For Which This  
Desert Mountain Retreat  
Was Established

NO CLOTHING IS WORN HERE  
Therefore

If You Cannot Accept And  
Conform To, In Clean-minded  
Simplicity, This Natural  
Condition Of Life, We Ask  
In All Friendship, That You  
Come No Further, But Return  
By The Path You Came.  
The Peace Of The GREAT SPIRIT  
Be With You Always  
Marshal & Tanya South.

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short open air sessions each day beneath the *ramada*. In actual fact it never ends. From dawn to dark our "little Indians" are soaking up knowledge gleefully. It is all a game—as all life is a game. Everything that the grown-ups do, that must our understudies do also. If Tanya sews, then they must have needle and thread and a scrap of cloth and sew also. If we paint a picture then must paints and brushes be produced also for two clamorous budding artists—and much paper be covered with all manner of fantastic and original designs. The Yaquitepec pottery industry has two industrious apprentices. "My potterzee" Rudyard says proudly as, generously clay daubed, he stands contemplating with artistic pride a lump of mud that he has poked and pummeled into some weird shape. "See, mamma! Lookit my nice pottery."

And all hands accordingly have to admire. All, that is, on most occasions. For sometimes Rider, with all the impatience of a finished artist for the amateur, gets impatient.

"Huh! what do you call it? What do you call that thing?" He demanded once, leveling an accusing finger at a clay lump over which Rudyard was loudly jubilating. "What do you call that mess?"

"Call it! Call it?" — sputtering, stunned almost with outraged indignation, Rudyard recoiled a pace as though unable to believe his ears. His eyes blazed; his mud-stuck fingers clawed the air wildly. "Wat I call it? Wat I call it, you *naughty* boy! I call it this-my-not-a-mess! I call it my beautiful pottazee stat-you of Vee-nus!"

But — dubious "statues of Venus" notwithstanding, the "potting" activities at Yaquitepec during the last few days have filled a few long standing gaps in our domestic needs. Every once in a while it is necessary to do this. For primitive clay utensils are fragile things. Capable of long lives under fortunate conditions they are also the most transitory of possessions if subjected to ill fortune. We are not alone in this drawback. The ancient dwellers of the desert faced the same problem. All over Ghost Mountain and vicinity you can find shattered chips of earthenware—mute evidence of industry and of tragedy. A long, long time it must have taken to have sown the desert so thickly with these chips of shattered jars.

An ancient art, potting. And perhaps it is only when one tries to work under similar conditions to the old timers—that is, without a potter's wheel or any other mechanical aid—that one can fully appreciate the really high degree of skill they attained. The Indians of our vicinity rarely decorated their pots. Sometimes they ornamented them with simple incised designs, but such efforts of artistry were quite rare. For the most part the ollas were plain.

But their workmanship was superb. There must have been pride along the makers. For very few of the old pots show crudity. Built by eye and by hand the most of them are almost as exact as though machine made. The side walls are uniform in thickness; the mouths well shaped in graceful line. Art and pride of work is not a product of civilization. To the contrary civilization tends to destroy true art. If you doubt this, a little study of modern grotesque horrors, not only on battlefronts but in art galleries also, ought to convince you.

There is a lot of work in the making of an olla. And when one has worked at the job, from the digging of the clay on through to the moment when one takes the fired and finished pot from the ashes, one is likely to have a tremendous appreciation of the industry of the "lazy Indians." It is then that it is hard to repress actual shudders at the glib tales of some of the unimaginative early white settlers—tales of how, when they were boys, one of their sports was to hunt for Indian ollas and, having found them, to set them up as targets to be gaily smashed by flung stones.

Hand potting, by the Indian method is not easy. And

even after long practice one cannot be too certain as to results. So much depends upon little details. Maybe the clay has just a fraction too little sand in it. Maybe the heat of the weather dries the pot too quickly. Maybe the fire is too hot—or too cold. One never knows until it is all over and done just what the luck will be. Nor did the ancients. One of the best and biggest storage ollas that we ever found has a tiny crack in it—a crack that must have developed in the firing. It has been mended with a black gummy substance that is now as hard as the earthenware itself. It's an encouraging crack, anyway. Whenever one of the pots of our own manufacture crack we can always console ourselves by remembering it. Our shadowy predecessors had the same troubles.

But after all, potting is a great art, albeit a futile and a fascinating one. For—to strike the lyre and sum up, after the manner of old Omar:—

*The potter potteth all the livelong day,  
Toiling with muddy fingers in the clay,  
But soon it is perceived his hope is nought,  
And to destruction shall his art be brought.  
For, lo, each pot, o'er which he slaved his wit,  
Behold, some careless damsel busteth it,  
And of the potter's toil no trace remains,  
Save shattered fragments, strewing hills and plains.  
And all thy tears and all Le Page's glue  
Shall not suffice to make the pot anew.*

... And that is *that*. But despite these painful facts our shelves, from our last pottery session, are richer by quite a few things that we needed, including water dippers, water bottles and a few cups.

## GOING EAST?



### See the Old South on the Way

One of our Four Scenic Routes East is the one that's called "the Sunshine Way" through Phoenix, Tucson, El Paso, San Antonio, Houston, to old New Orleans ...the sunniest, gayest, most colorful list of sights and cities together in one trip across the country.

#### NO EXTRA COST THE SUNSHINE WAY

You can take this route either or both ways for *no extra fare*, and get a lot of extra pleasure out of your journey. Choice of two fine, fast, completely air-conditioned trains. One carries a through sleeping car to Chicago via New Orleans.

#### BONUS: SEE TWICE AS MUCH

Going east by one of our Four Scenic Routes and returning another, you can see twice as much of the United States and double the pleasure and interest of your trip. Let your nearest agent help you plan a round-trip that's really round.

## Southern Pacific's SUNSET ROUTE

GEORGE B. HANSON, General Passenger Agent, Los Angeles

## PIERCE FERRY

Carlos H. Elmer of Kingman, Arizona, is the winner of the Desert Magazine's August Landmark contest. He identified the picture on this page as Pierce Ferry on upper Lake Mead, and his description of the place was judged the best of all those submitted. The announcement of this contest in the August issue was misleading. The ferry landing picture was labelled as being in Nevada. But Mr. Elmer and many other entrants who knew the spot recognized it as an Arizona landmark—and corrected the error. The winning story is printed on this page.



By CARLOS H. ELMER

THE boat-landing shown in the contest picture is truly one of our most attractive playgrounds and points of interest. However, Pierce Ferry is a part of Arizona, and not of Nevada, as the contest article indicated. The camp is Arizona, the lake below it is Arizona property, and the shore on the other side belongs to this state. Nevertheless, we would admire this spot no matter what state it might be in, for Pierce Ferry is located in the midst of some of the most breath-taking scenery to be found in our fabulous Southwest. From the door of his cabin at Pierce Ferry, the awe-struck tourist's gaze passes from the Joshua-covered mesas on the south to the sparkling blue waters of Lake Mead, behind which tower the color-drenched walls of the Grand Wash cliffs, forming the western gateway of the Grand Canyon.

The attractions at Pierce Ferry are many and varied in nature. The camp is operated from October 1 until May 1 by the Grand Canyon-Boulder Dam Tours Company, Inc. Phil Pouquette is the host at the camp, and he is an expert in the art of making the stranger feel at home. Tent cabins with comfortable beds are provided, and the grub is wonderful.

Swimming is fine, due to the construction of a smooth, sandy beach by the CCC. Bath houses and picnic tables are provided on the beach.

Pierce Ferry is the last outpost at the western gateway of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and the boat trip from this point takes the traveler 30 miles up the lake, into the canyon itself. Those four hours spent on the smooth, crystal-clear water of Lake Mead in the midst of mile-high cliffs are not soon forgotten. Those who are on the adventuresome side may experience the unique thrill of aquaplaning in the Grand Canyon, for boards and fast boats are available at the boat landing. These novel attractions, then, are the reasons for Pierce Ferry's ever-increasing popularity as a winter resort.

The ferry is reached from either Kingman or Boulder City by highway, from Boulder City by boat, and by air, for the camp has a good landing field of its own. From Kingman, the tourist travels 31 miles on the Boulder dam highway, Highway 93, and turns right on a good dirt road. This road takes him through 53 miles of interesting scenery, including a thick forest of Joshua trees. The total distance, then, from Kingman is 85 miles, and from Boulder City 99 miles.

Pierce Ferry was established by Harrison Pearce in 1876 and was one of the principal crossings used by Mormons in their migrations from Utah to Arizona. Map-makers in later years inadvertently changed the spelling of the name to Pierce.

## Weather

### FROM PHOENIX BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month .....	91.
Normal for August .....	88.5
High on August 8 .....	113.
Low on August 26 .....	70.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month .....	0.48
Normal for August .....	0.95
Weather—	
Days clear .....	18
Days partly cloudy .....	10
Days cloudy .....	3

G. K. GREENING, Meteorologist.

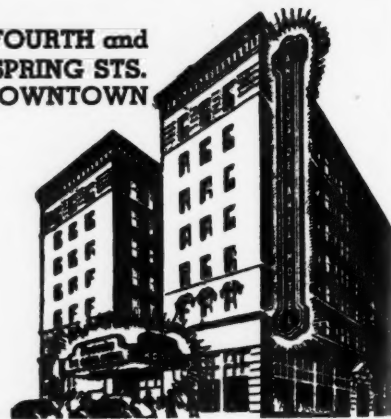
### FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month .....	92.1
Normal for August .....	90.4
High on August 8 .....	115.
Low on August 26 .....	65.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month .....	0.10
71-year average for August .....	0.56
Weather—	
Days clear .....	31
Sunshine 98 percent (407 hours out of possible 414 hours).	
Colorado river—August discharge at Grand Canyon 245,000 acre feet. Release from Boulder dam 629,000 acre feet. Estimated storage August 31 behind Boulder dam 23,410,000 acre feet.	

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.

## In the Center of Downtown LOS ANGELES

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SPRING STS.  
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Right in the center of activities . .  
... a quiet, comfortable hotel  
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From \$2 with from . \$125  
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**Angelus De Anza**  
HOTEL

The DESERT MAGAZINE





*One of the two bronze winged figures which attract the attention of every visitor at Boulder dam.*

AT Boulder Dam I asked for Oskar Hansen.

"Sure, he's here," one of the workmen told me. "I just saw him go in the 'monkey cage' over at that monument where he's working."

And that is where I found one of the most versatile sculptors in America — dressed in his working clothes and sweltering in the uncooled atmosphere of a summer day on the Nevada desert. The "monkey cage" is a temporary hut built as a workroom at the gigantic bronze and basalt monument which Oskar J. W. Hansen has erected near the western approach of the driveway which tops 712-foot Boulder dam.

The U.S. Reclamation bureau sent him

When Uncle Sam wanted a fitting monument to mark the dedication of Boulder dam, he gave the assignment to Oskar Hansen. The statue he created is second in interest only to the dam itself—a huge memorial in bronze and stone, with the date inscribed in a language that may be understood by men of every race for all time. Here is a sketch of the man who created this masterpiece of the sculptor's art.

## *He Built a Monument on the Nevada Desert*

By JOHN W. HILTON

out here to the desert to symbolize the completion of the great Boulder engineering achievement with a fitting statue. Into this assignment has gone all the genius of a man renowned for his creative work in the field of sculpturing.

Hansen is a man of many interests — sculptor, engineer, astronomer and mathematician. His wife is unwilling to predict what field he will engage in next.

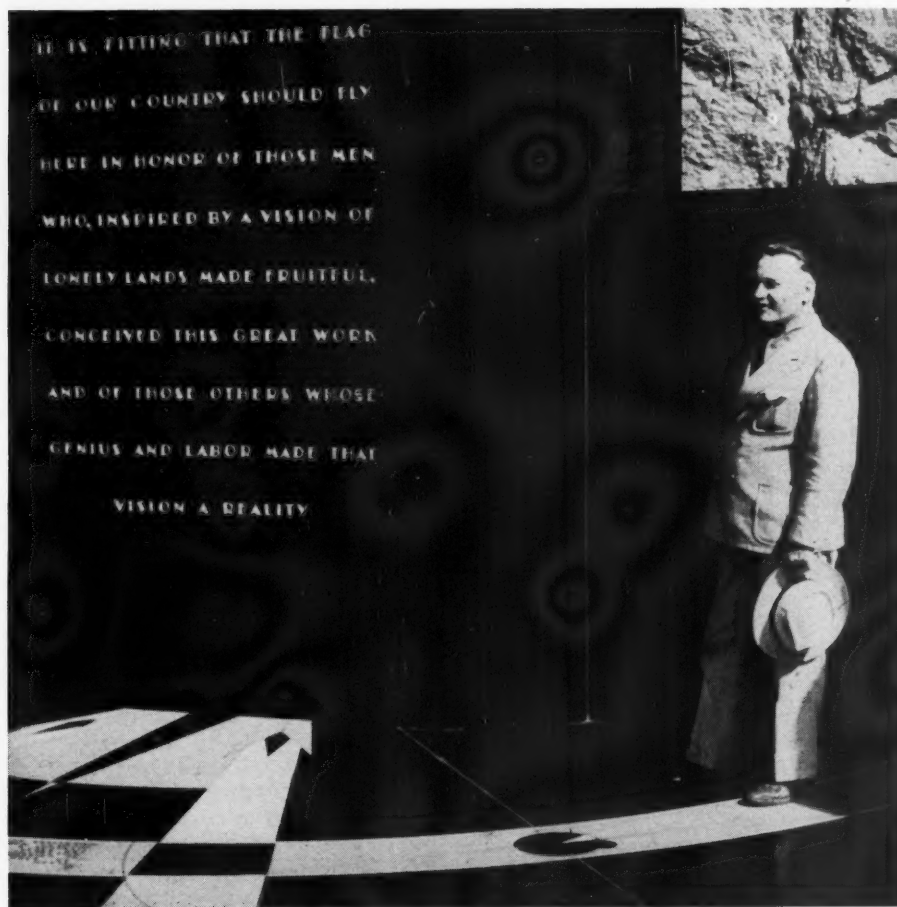
Born in Norway, he came to this country after having traveled over the greater part of the globe. He served as an officer under the American flag in the World War. Being an advanced student of mathematics, he became a valued tactician in the military service.

As a sculptor he has completed im-

portant assignments in both America and Europe, and he works in almost every medium known to this field of art. His creations range all the way from gigantic blocks of granite and bronze down to tiny miniatures.

Once, in a London jeweler's window he saw a huge crystal of precious topaz. It was a challenge he could not resist—and so he became a gem carver. It took many months to master the tedious technique of cutting topaz, but eventually the stone was sold at a fabulous figure. To-

*Oskar Hansen, and the inscription in black basalt at the base of the Boulder dam monument.*



*Relic of a Mining Boom!*

*Who can identify this picture?*



day Hansen's studio equipment includes a complete lapidary.

The Boulder dam assignment — his first work in the West—came when the federal government invited competitive plans for a memorial to mark the completion of the project.

Hansen designed two heroic figures in bronze, exactly alike, symbolizing "The Republic" — government and governed, which in this democracy are identical agencies.

Since they were to be placed at the base of a towering cliff, it was necessary that they be large. Actually, the two graceful winged figures are 30 feet in height—the largest bronze castings ever made. Seated on bases of black basalt, they guard the great flagpole which stands between them on another block of basalt, on which is inscribed the dedication of Boulder dam.

Inlaid in the polished floor at the base of the monument is an accurately calculated map of the heavens with each star and constellation in the exact position it occupied on the date Boulder dam was completed. Thus the date is perpetuated in a language that will be understandable to men of science of every race for all time.

A great golden arc crosses the chart, representing the tilt of the earth's axis through a "platonian" or star year. On

this arc are marked the time of the building of the pyramid of Cheops, the birth of Christ and other significant dates. The completion of the dam of course appears on this arc.

It was during his weeks at Boulder dam that Hansen acquired his first interest in the desert. Being a carver of gems, it was natural that he should turn in his recreation hours to the surrounding hills as a possible source of material.

He often visited Chloride and Mineral park on the Arizona side of the Colorado. He produced a sprightly dancing figure in silver and mounted it on a water-polished crystal of gypsum from Lake Mead. "The Virgin of Chloride" he called it.

In the Mineral park area he met an Indian with a nugget of turquoise larger than a man's fist. He bought the rare specimen, and from it carved the head of a wild stallion, nostrils distended, mane flying in the breeze. This piece, though small in inches, is beautifully executed. It is mounted on a base of black obsidian.

He likes the West and nothing will please him more than the opportunity to remain here permanently. His creative mind is always active. One of the possibilities he suggested to me is a great statue symbolizing man's struggle to grasp the secrets of outer space—to be

## PRIZE ANNOUNCEMENT

The above photograph was taken recently in one of the old Nevada mining camps. It is an interior view of a building that played a conspicuous part in the entertainment of mining men and their families in the days when the Comstock lode was producing millions in gold.

There's an interesting story connected with this historic structure, and in order that Desert Magazine readers may become better acquainted with it, a cash prize of \$5.00 is offered to the person who identifies the picture and sends in the best story of not over 500 words giving all available details as to location, history, ownership and other pertinent data.

Entries must reach the Desert Magazine office by October 20, and the winning manuscript will be printed in the December number.

erected on the mountain top near Palomar observatory.

Whether or not such a commission ever materializes, Oskar Hansen has given the desert one monument of enduring value — one that causes the visitor at Boulder dam to pause and marvel at the grace and precision with which it is executed.

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# Desert Place Names

Magazine is indebted to the research work done by the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Betty Toulouse of New Mexico, Hugh F. O'Neil of Utah, and Marie Lomas.

For the historical data contained in this department the Desert

## ARIZONA

CON QUIEN (kon kyen) Pima county

Sometimes called Coon canyon. Papago Indian village at eastern end of Ajo mountains. After Jose Maria Ochoa, head chief and captain of Papagos, 1870-1885. He was called "Con Quien" by whites and Indians, and so signed himself to deeds in May 1880 which attempted to convey to Robert F. Hunter title to two or three million acres of Papago land. The name Coon canyon was undoubtedly an error in transcribing the name Con Quien, says Barnes. See history of Con Quien in decision U. S. Supreme court, 1926, Pueblo of Santa Rosa vs. Albert B. Fall, secretary of the interior. Sp. Con Quien, "with whom." A favorite game of cards of early days in Arizona often played by Indians.

• • •

## NEVADA

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS

Storey county

"A steamboat on the desert," Mark Twain remarked when he saw great clouds of steam surging upward from fissures in a low, incrustated mound near the foothills of the snowcapped sierra, and "Steamboat" these hot springs have remained. Off the highway between Carson City and Reno, these irregular bursts of steam are accompanied by gurgling and hissing and an additional dull, throbbing sound like the pounding of a heavy engine below deck. The mound itself is about one-fourth of a mile long and 600 feet wide. Running lengthwise are a number of fissures about a foot wide but having edges so irregular that one can see or run a stick down into them only a few feet. Gushes of hot water issue from these openings, remain level with the top for a moment or overflow a little and then subside. At other points the water stays even with the surface, boiling fiercely. A stone dropped into the seething liquid increases its violence. The air smells of sulphur. Known to the Indians long before the coming of the white man as a mysterious source of healing, the natural hot mineral waters are today acknowledged to have medicinal value. Eleven miles south of Reno on U.S. 395.

• • •

## NEW MEXICO

BLUEWATER Valencia county

A farming settlement, its name derived from a creek, Bluewater, in which the water has more or less a bluish hue.

## UTAH

UTAH

Utah, tenth largest state in the union, was first called by its Mormon settlers, "The Provisional State of Deseret," a name derived from the Book of Mormon word meaning honey-bee. When Utah became a territory in 1850, the Mormons were not successful in their attempt to have this name retained. Instead Congress called the new territory Utah, a name coined from the nickname of a tribe of Shoshone Indians who inhabited much of this region. The Navajo and Apache Indians called these Indians "Utes," a term meaning "the upper people" or the "Hill dwellers." The nickname was used in much the same manner as the English term "highlanders" is used to designate the people in the Scotch mountains. Early journals spelled the name a number of different ways, including Yuta, Eutaw, Uta, etc. When the territory became a state in 1896, the name Utah was retained. This origin of the state name is taken from the American guide series (WPA) 2nd edition Utah Place Names. (See Aug. 38, p. 28).

• • •

## CALIFORNIA

LEMOIGNE MINE

Inyo county

In Death Valley; takes its name from Jean Lemoigne, a blackbearded Frenchman, who left his ship in the late 70s bound for the booming mining camp of Darwin, where he hoped to make a fortune with which he could retire and live pleasantly in Paris. In 1882 he filed a claim here on a piece of ground where Indians scratched for lead, and where he found silver as well. He worked the claim but made no large amount of money. During the mining boom in Rhyolite in 1906 he was offered \$80,000 for his property, but the sum was in the form of a draft and he believed only in hard money. He refused the slip of paper although the engineers offered to take him to Lone Pine to cash it. For 11 years more he lived on at his mine with his burros and the Indians still hoping for fortune. In June 1918, Walter Scott and Shoshone Johnny, an Indian, found his body under a mesquite tree on the old road near Salt creek. Jean had tied his burros to a bush and they too were dead. Scotty and Shoshone Johnny buried him on the spot and put up a pencilled board to mark the grave. Several years later, Jean's coffepot still stood beside his fireplace, and the skeletons of the little burros were still tied to the mesquite.

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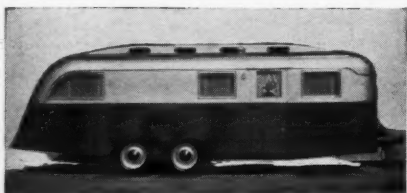
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## HERE AND THERE

*. . . on the Desert*

### ARIZONA

#### Phoenix . . .

Arizona's Henry Ashurst asks the federal bureau of reclamation to survey feasibility of tapping the Colorado river with a \$15,000,000 canal to carry water to Salt river and Casa Grande valleys. Promoters of the project have drafted plans for 190 miles of pipelines, tunnels and ditches to run from Lake Havasu behind Parker dam to the Verde river, thence to the central Arizona region currently suffering from scarcity of water in existing reservoirs. Pump lift of 1,000 feet would be necessary. James Girard, Phoenix city engineer, says the work could be done in two years, promises the project will be submitted to the next state legislature with proposal for sale of bonds.

#### Holbrook . . .

Can you blame the Indian for looking askance at the white man's laws? Survey by U.S. interior and justice departments shows more than 4,000 statutes and treaties affecting the red man. Preliminary work connected with publication of a handbook of federal Indian law resulted in a compilation requiring 46 printed volumes. Nathan Margold, solicitor for the interior department, sees "decline of dictatorship in the Indian country," replaced by Indian self government. Secretary Ickes, in a foreword to the handbook, plumps for "all citizenship rights and protection in exercise of the franchise" by the Indians—now the most rapidly increasing racial group in the United States.

#### Wickenburg . . .

Says a writer in the Los Angeles Times, ancient Arizona's drought: "It is so dry in northern Arizona this summer that the national park service has had to put fire guards in the petrified forest. Irrigation districts and the bureau of reclamation are arranging to transfer all storage dams to the WPA since they are unemployed. The state has bridges as much as nine years old that never had water under them. Ancient tradition is that one who drinks from the Hassayampa river is instantaneously converted into a monumental liar. The Hassayampa has now been dry so long that Arizonans are beginning to tell the truth again."

#### Ajo . . .

To build a 23-mile oiled surface highway in the Organ Pipe national monument national park service has set aside \$275,000. This money will leave four miles of road to be constructed by the state to complete the Sonoyta junction-to-Sonoyta highway, connecting with the Ajo-Tucson pavement. William Supernauth, custodian of the monument, expects work will be started about January 1, 1941.

#### Hotevilla . . .

Hopi snake dances in prayers for rain were given simultaneously on August 24th in three villages—Hotevilla, Shipaulovi and Shungopovi—for the first time in memory of white men. Following the supplications to the rain gods, rain fell during the night and next day. Tourists' automobiles were stranded temporarily when dry desert washes ran bank full with swift water.

#### Buckeye . . .

After six days of exposure and thirst in the wastelands of Yuma and western Maricopa counties Mr. and Mrs. Everett Coghill of Ajo were rescued by a party of Buckeye fishermen in August. The Coghill's automobile got stuck in a sandy wash on Monday. They drank all the water they had in canteens, then drained the car radiator and drank its contents despite the fact it had anti-freeze solution in it. How the days passed until they were saved on Saturday they could not tell. The fishing party found the woman near the road not far from Wintersburg, her husband barely alive in a hot desert wash six miles away. Both were taken to a Phoenix hospital where it was said they would recover.

#### Tucson . . .

J. T. Wright, mammalogist and ornithologist, will make a survey of wildlife in Saguaro national monument. All collected specimens will remain in custody of the park service.

#### Clifton . . .

Some other tourist must have made the "old Coronado trail" through Clifton, Arizona, Dr. Herbert E. Bolton of California university has decided. Dr. Bolton heads a party of southwestern professors now wandering along in the 400-year-old footsteps of the Spanish conquistador. When Coronado came north out of Mexico on his way to fabled cities of gold he passed east of Clifton, and there is evidence to change the generally accepted route of the Coronado trail between Fort Apache, St. Johns and Zuni, New Mexico, according to Bolton.

### CALIFORNIA

#### El Centro . . .

Seven million acres of desert land in California are available for cabin sites under the Isaac five-acre tract law, according to Paul B. Witmer, head of the U.S. land office in Los Angeles. Plot and tract books of locations may be inspected at any time at government land offices. Tract for home, cabin, recreational or business site must be leased for a five-year period before purchase can be made final. A \$5 fee must accompany application.

#### Palm Springs . . .

Agua Caliente Indians report all palms burned in fire that swept Palm Canyon April 21 have leaved out again at the top.

#### Barstow . . .

Dead on the Mojave desert, his automobile hub deep in sand, Dr. John Eliot Wolff, 83, Harvard professor emeritus of geology was found in August in an isolated spot 23 miles from High Vista. An empty canteen was picked up by searchers near the body. Dr. Wolff had been missing five days after he set out from his Pasadena home on a trip from which he expected to return in one day. Sheriff's deputies tracked E. A. Brown, 53-year-old Los Angeles prospector, 10 miles across the desert from Old Woman springs and found him delirious from exhaustion and thirst beneath a creosote bush. Brown had wandered away from camp on a search for water. Doctors said he would recover.

The DESERT MAGAZINE



## Independence . . .

"They're all hanging on for the publicity." Death Valley Scotty thus explains reports of legal action planned by James W. Gerard against him in an effort to collect under an old grubstake agreement. Scotty's partner, A. M. Johnson, has taken judgment by default against Scott in a suit for money Johnson says he advanced years ago. "Let the other fellow do the worryin'," Scotty advised in an interview printed in the Inyo Independent. "I've always remembered the advice of my friend, Joseph Pulitzer, former editor of the New York World. He once said, 'Never commercialize yourself, never get the swell head, never show your hole card. Me, I ain't showin' my hole card.'"

## Brawley . . .

Honey crop in San Diego and Imperial counties is short 35 percent this year, according to Leslie Burr, local bee expert. In Imperial hordes of yellow butterflies, ravaging alfalfa fields, are blamed. In San Diego scant rainfall stunted growth of white sage.

## NEVADA

## Boulder City . . .

For the Boulder canyon project \$4,000,000 has been allocated by the bureau of reclamation to be spent during 1940-41. Most of this sum will be used to pay for two more great generating units at the dam power plant, bringing the total number of units to 11.

## Fallon . . .

Near Hidden cave, 13 miles east of here, an encased mummy was unearthed by S. M. Wheeler, archaeologist for the Nevada state park commission. The human skeleton was wrapped in a fur garment and tulle mats. Black hair clung to the skull. The wrapping of fur was covered with two types of tulle casing. One mat was woven very finely and over this was a coarse tulle blanket. Burial had been made in a shallow depression with a layer of sagebrush at the bottom. A top layer of brush was covered with rocks and soil. Wheeler says the skeleton is between 1,500 and 2,000 years old.

## Boulder City . . .

Six men and two women reached here August 23 after a river voyage of 1163 miles started June 20 at Green River, Wyoming. Norman D. Nevills, Mexican Hat, Utah, experienced "white water" navigator, led the three boats on their exploration of the treacherous Colorado. Mrs. Nevills and Mildred E. Baker, Buffalo, N. Y., botanist, are said to be the only women ever to travel the full length of the hazardous stream. Colored moving pictures were taken by Barry Goldwater, Phoenix merchant. Discovery in a canyon in southern Utah, of a natural bridge only 4 feet lower than Rainbow bridge, the nation's largest, was reported by the explorers. They found near Lee's Ferry the skeleton of a man dead 15 or 20 years. Once Mrs. Nevills was washed off the boat in a bad rapids. At the head of Lake Mead the expedition rescued two men marooned when a flash flood swept their boat away.

## Tonopah . . .

Seventy-four-year-old "Sooner," a Shoshone Indian woman, rides horseback 65 miles once every month from her little hogan in the Kawich hills to Tonopah to get the \$30 pension allowed her by the state of Nevada. After she buys a month's groceries she mounts her horse and rides home.

## NEW MEXICO

## Santa Fe . . .

"Mentally malformed men and women" who steal skeletons and pottery from prehistoric ruins in the southwest are one of the greatest concerns of the national park service. Regional director M. R. Tillotson makes this statement in an appeal for assistance in stamping out this form of vandalism. He says an increasing number of pothunters, by devious means and frequently under cover of darkness "sneak into the monuments, spade into unexcavated ruins and scamper away with skeletons, irreplaceable pieces of pottery and other artifacts." Park service officials ask the federal bureau of investigation to join the campaign against vandals, under the antiquities act, which provides fine and imprisonment for grave-robbing and other forms of depredation on government owned lands.

## Gallup . . .

In October the Rev. Bernard Theodore Espelage, O.F.M., will be installed as head of the new Gallup diocese of the Catholic church. When the diocese was formally opened services were conducted here by Archbishop Rudolph Gerken of Santa Fe. Bishop Espelage's jurisdiction includes western New Mexico and five northern Arizona counties. It is said he is the only Franciscan member of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States.

## Lovington . . .

Jake McClure, said to have won more money than any other roping contestant during 14 years rodeo performance, died here in July after his horse fell on him. Working cattle on his ranch, he had roped a calf. His horse became tangled in the rope and fell, the rider caught before he could throw himself clear. McClure never regained consciousness, although he lived nearly a week after the accident. (See Desert Magazine, February 1940 for photographs and article on McClure's career.)

## UTAH

## Salt Lake City . . .

Controversy over proposed creation of an Escalante national monument along the Colorado river in southeastern Utah continues in Washington, writes Harry J. Brown in the Salt Lake City Tribune. Brown says Secretary Ickes threatens he will ask the president to issue a proclamation establishing the monument unless the Utah delegation in Congress unites in support of legislation to that end requested by Ickes. Utah state officials are afraid creation of the Escalante monument will interfere with development of irrigation and power projects.

## Cedar City . . .

Zion and Yellowstone national parks are the only scenic attractions in the intermountain region reporting increase in visitors during first seven months of 1940 over the record for same period in 1939. Zion, 107,300 tourists this year; 105,609 last year. Bryce: 63,897 January to July, 1940, with 64,114 last year. For the same period Grand Canyon slumped from 262,952 in 1939 to 247,963 this year.

## Salt Lake City . . .

Built as a church welfare project, a massive concrete grain elevator 240 feet high, has been dedicated by the church of Latter Day Saints here. First tons of grain were poured into the structure as church officials gave credit to the spirit of cooperation responsible for the building. It is planned to store 318,000 bushels of wheat before winter comes.

## THE SPIRIT OF

# 76

by JOHN CLINTON



The folks who live a couple of doors down the street from us think when Labor Day has passed, vacation season is over. The weather may be soft and golden, and the ocean teasing. But nope, say these folks — vacation's over!

But Mrs. C. and I think that some of the very nicest weekends we've known have lived on the wrong side of Labor Day! So we climb in the family chug-chug and on a bright Saturday morning point her nose out of town and let her rip.

But if your family's like mine — your whole trip is spoiled if the car doesn't "feel" right — if a squeak develops, or the steering gear gets the cramps.



Here's my recipe for a fool-proof, happy week-end. Have your neighborhood Union Oil station call for your car and give it a Stop-Wear Lubrication. That's all you have to do.

They'll bring it back, and wow! You can instantly feel the difference in the way it handles, shifts and steers. You can hear the difference in the way it purrs along without a squeak or rattle.

And finally you can SEE the difference in the way the bus sparkles and shines. The glass is clean, the side-walls and running boards dressed, and everything in apple-pie order.



And if you don't think that will make the best week-end better — then you just try it. Telephone your

Union Oil station and just say: "Stop-Wear—come and get it!"

UNION OIL COMPANY

Cowboys, prospectors, poets and other unscientific persons call it Sage. And that is a good name for it. But to the botanists it is *Salvia*, and there are many species of it in the desert Southwest. It is perhaps the best known of all desert shrubs because of the aroma when the leaves are crushed in the fingers. In her article this month Mary Beal gives some details which will enable you to identify some of the less common species.

## Food, Drink and Medicine for the Natives

By MARY BEAL

EVERYBODY knows about Sage. It is that delicately scented seasoning which gives a touch of perfection to the dressing served with turkey on Thanksgiving day and other festive occasions.

But if we would borrow a chapter from the recipe book of the desert Indians — which we cannot do because their recipes were never reduced to writing—we would learn a long list of other practical uses for this common desert plant. To them it was food, drink and medicine, ranking next to mesquite beans, acorns and piñon nuts as a staple nourishment.

The species known as Chia (*Salvia columbariae*) was the one most generally used. Its hairy stems rise from a basal rosette of dull green crinkly leaves. The small vivid-blue flowers emerge from tiered heads of crowded purplish bracts. The seeds are the portion utilized, usually ground into meal, the pinole of Mexicans, Indians and Spanish-Californians, though certain other seeds were also used for pinole.

Each plant produces a surprising quantity of the shiny, dark seeds, pinhead size or smaller, and fortunate it was for the aborigines and early settlers that so valuable a plant was widespread. It is still common in the deserts of California, Nevada and Arizona as well as nearer the coast.

Thistle Sage (*Salvia carduacea*) is considered to have the same nutritional and therapeutic properties but its range is more restricted. In addition to utility its white-woolly herbage and exquisite lavender blossoms are an ornament to any location.

The usual Indian method of harvesting



Mojave Sage—*Salvia mohavensis*

the seeds was to carry a bowl-shaped basket and flail afield, beating the seeds into the receptacle with a paddle made of reed and woven fibre, or palm-leaf. Sometimes the whole stalks were gathered to be threshed and winnowed later.

The meal absorbs water like a sponge, swelling to several times its original bulk. Eaten dry or as a thin soup or mush it was a veritable staff-of-life.

Years ago T. S. Van Dyke told me he had often used a small handful of pinole, made of roasted and ground Chia seeds, to sustain him for a long day of hunting. He could better endure hard exertion on pinole than on other food. An Indian, he said, could run continuously for long distances on a small amount of that same meal, as little as a tablespoonful for a day's exertion. A nutritive drink was also made by soaking the raw seeds in water, its aromatic, minty flavor being very refreshing, and acceptable even to a sick stomach.

Infusions of Chia seeds were highly valued as remedies for fevers, stomach and intestinal ailments by Spanish-Californians as well as Indians. Even today the seeds are obtainable at Southern California drug stores. I purchased some yesterday to fortify me for all-day climbs up the canyons of the Providence mountains.

Following are several desert species of *Salvia*:

### *Salvia columbariae*

The Chia of Mexicans, Indians, and Spanish-Californians. A hairy, strongly aromatic annual with one to several purplish stems 4 to 20 inches high, the wrinkled, toothed, dull green leaves mostly basal, 1 to 3 inches long, the intensely blue flowers in 1 to 3 tiers of dense whorls, the lobes of the calyx prickletipped, as are the accompanying purplish bracts. Varied habitats are Chia's: mesas, hill-

sides, mountain slopes and washes of Arizona and Nevada and all California, desert and otherwise.

### *Salvia carduacea*

Thistle Sage in common parlance and aptly so named for it copies more than one thistle habit. The very pale herbage is exceedingly prickly and densely hoary with white-woolly hairs. The oblong leaves, 2 to 6 inches long, deeply cut into sharp-toothed spinose lobes, form a basal rosette. The stout naked stem (often several) 8 to 24 inches tall, bears 1 to 5 tiers of whorled flower-heads. The spine-tipped calyx lobes are so densely woolly the heads are like white balls of wool with several protruding lavender blossoms, the whole above a Van Dyke collar of 6 white-woolly spiny-toothed bracts. The upper lip of the exquisite inch-long corolla holds erect two narrow lobes; the lower lip spreads out large middle lobe in a deeply-fringed fan. Bright orange or red anthers complete the charming color arrangement. Found on sandy plains and mesas in the western Colorado desert but more frequently in the western and central Mojave desert.

### *Salvia carnosa*

Known as Blue Sage, Purple Sage, and Desert Ramona. A low broad silvery-grey shrub a foot or two high with many ascending branches ending in tiered whorls (2 to several) of rose-purplish bracts and small deep-blue flowers. The pale downy leaves are obovate, 1/2 inch or less long. The variety *pilosa* is densely long-hairy on upper parts. High plains, mesas and washes of the Inyo and Mojave deserts, Death Valley, Nevada and Arizona ranges display the Blue Sage, often quite abundantly.

*Salvia carnosa* variety *compacta* (*Salvia pachyphylla* of some botanists) forms low compact bushes 3 or 4 feet broad, has thick leaves 1 or 2 inches long, and larger bracts in crowded whorls, the flowers dark violet-blue. Found above 5000 feet from Mexican border through ranges on west side of the Colorado desert to Death Valley.

### *Salvia mohavensis*

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usually 3 or 4 feet across, though I have found them 6 and 8 feet broad. The strongly aromatic herbage is somewhat hairy, the small yellow-green leaves much wrinkled, the flowers in a single head with pale creamy bracts (occasionally bluish) and inch-long flowers of clear pale azure to bright blue. The Mojave Sage frequents rocky canyons and washes above 4000 feet in central and eastern Mojave desert, northern Colorado desert and Arizona.

#### *Salvia eremostachya*

A shrub 2 feet or so high, the herbage with ashy glandular hairs, the crinkled green leaves dotted underneath with resinous glands; the flower heads in 1 to 4 tiers of purplish or greenish-purple spine-tipped bracts and purplish-blue or roseate blossoms. Grows in western Colorado desert from Palm canyon south, most frequent in Santa Rosa mountains.

#### *Salvia funerea*

Death Valley Sage, restricted to the ranges on east side of the sink, chiefly in the Funeral mountains. Much-branched and very leafy, 2 or 3 feet high, the herbage white with dense wool, the ovate leaves spine-tipped, often with 1 or 2 spine-tipped teeth on the side, an inch or less long. The slender light-violet or purple flowers grow in whorled spikes, the calyxes like rounds pellets of wool. An unusually attractive shrub.

#### *Salvia greatae*

Similar to *funerea* but some taller, with slightly glandular, ashy-grey herbage, the leaves holly-like with several spine-tipped teeth, the lavender flowers in 4 or 5 whorls tiered far apart. Found in northern Colorado desert.

#### *Salvia vaseyi*

Sometimes called Wand Sage. From 3 to 6 feet high with tiered spikes of 4 to 10 whorled flower-heads terminating long wand-like branches leafy on lower part; the herbage hoary with white hairs; the white flowers with short notched upper lip and larger, spreading lower lip, the bracts and calyx teeth tipped by long awns. Rather common on mountain slopes and canyons on west side of Colorado desert from Morongo pass to Mexico.

### TRUE OR FALSE ANSWERS

#### Questions on page 8

- 1—True.
- 2—False. Smoke trees generally grow in the washes.
- 3—False. Mining is the chief industry of Searchlight.
- 4—False. Time changes at Yuma on Highway 80.
- 5—True.
- 6—False. Quartz has a hardness of 7. Calcite is 3.
- 7—False. Brigham Young led the Mormons on their western trek.
- 8—True.
- 9—True. States are Utah, Arizona, Nevada, California.
- 10—True.
- 11—False. Joshua trees belong to the lily family.
- 12—False. Havasupai village is reached only by a foot trail.
- 13—True.
- 14—False. An arrastra is a crude mill for grinding ore.
- 15—True.
- 16—True.
- 17—False. Chief industry of the White Mountain Apaches is stock raising.
- 18—False. Scotty and his partner planned and directed the construction of the building themselves.
- 19—False. The present Salton sea was not formed until the Colorado river broke out of its channel in 1905.
- 20—True. Altitude 11,794 feet.

# LETTERS

San Bernardino, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

The article on the Turtle mountain country by Louise Eaton interested me very much, for that range is one of my old stamping grounds. It is a good article, for which the writer is to be congratulated.

Many, many times have I camped at that spring in company with my old friend Wm. Hutt and the Chemehuevi Indian Hi-ko-rum. We traveled with burros then.

Many trails converge upon and radiate from the spring, all of them made by Chemehuevi Indians from Coffin spring, from Old Woman mountains, from Corn spring in the Chuckawallas, from Ehrenberg and from Chemehuevi valley, their permanent home—now submerged beneath the water of Lake Havasu.

Now as you probably know I am a stickler for correct spelling and pronunciation of Indian names. This spelling has of necessity to be phonetic, following closely the native pronunciation. Without casting the slightest reflection on Louise Eaton, who naturally could not be expected to know, I wish to say that the Chemehuevis, who named the spring, pronounced it distinctly Mo-pah, accenting the first syllable. We few prospectors corrupted it to Mopi, and evidently it has now become Moabi.

As I have said elsewhere, the Pahute and Chemehuevi word for water is Pah, and those Indians have left that word as a prefix or suffix all over their ranges. For instance, Pah-rump, Ivanpah, Tonopah, Pahramagat, Parowan, Panguitch and many others.

Here is a bit of early history about Mo-pah spring and those twin peaks. It was told to Hutt and me by the Indian Hi-ko-rum. It happened in the 'seventies, long before our time.

A Chemehuevi Indian was sought for the crime of homicide, by the U.S. soldiers from Fort Yuma. A lieutenant with half a dozen men came up the Colorado river on a steamboat to Chemehuevi valley. The culprit, learning of their approach, fled to Mo-pah spring, and with his 44 Winchester, some water and food, climbed to the higher one of those twin peaks and stood pat.

The lieutenant, after surveying at a safe distance, the impregnable position of the fugitive, and not caring to sacrifice the lives of his men unnecessarily, held a parley with the Chemehuevis. He promised them faithfully that if the man would surrender, no harm should befall him, and as payment for their good offices in negotiating the matter, he gave the tribe a substantial amount of provisions.

Everything worked out according to plan, and steamboat, soldiers and prisoner left for Fort Yuma. All arrived safely but the Indian. He had fallen overboard and drowned, according to the officer's report to his superiors.

This was the story told to us by Hi-ko-rum while we were camped at Mo-pah spring, under the shadow of that very peak.

Next time we meet old Captain Polhamus of the river steamer Gila we asked him if he knew anything of the episode.

"I sure do," he replied. "I was right there, for those soldiers came up the river on my

boat. Hi-ko-rum told you boys a straight tale as far as it went—but the Indian didn't drown. I saw him many times after that."

In conclusion, I will say that the two small palms at the spring, shown in the photo accompanying Louise Eaton's article, were not there 50 years ago.

CHARLES BATTYE.

*Thanks, Mr. Battye! The Desert Magazine is always interested in getting the records straight—and we welcome corrections from you old-timers. The truth is that Mrs. Eaton and the DM staff spent many hours searching old maps for the correct spelling of that spring—and the only record we could dig gave the spelling as "Moabi." On your authority it will thenceforth be Mopah.* —R. H.

Springdale, Utah

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing a check for \$2.50 for which please enter a subscription in my mother's name, Mrs. I. F. Clark.

I wanted to write this letter myself, to tell you how a "tenderfoot" reacts to the desert and the Desert Magazine. I came out here a year ago from the east, expecting to find a desolate waste, with practically no redeeming features.

Need I say how pleasant was my disappointment? No matter where I drive, nor how often I travel a road in this part of the country, I am constantly breathless with the sheer unbelievable beauty of the land. And with the help of the magazine, I am becoming less a spectator and more a participant of life in the Southwest.

Thank you, and here's to a long continuation of our association.

MYRA CLARK.

Lone Pine, California

Dear Sir:

After reading an article in your Desert Magazine, relating to the LOST PEGLEG mine in the August issue, I find that there is some confusion about the real location of said mine. I would like to take a try at finding said mine but first I would like to get as close to the main trail as possible. As I am a prospector and miner, this will not be anything new to me.

As you can read in the fourth paragraph, it says, of a small black mountain in the center of a dry lake bed somewhere northwest of Cottonwood springs.

There is a Cottonwood springs east of Victorville, and north of Baldwin lake, and it is right close to Old Woman springs. This one is in San Bernardino county. The mine is located about 45 or 50 miles east of that Cottonwood springs. There is also a Cottonwood springs north of Bagdad about 30 miles in the Providence mountains just east of Granite mountains in San Bernardino county.

Now there is another Cottonwood springs down in Riverside county southeast of Twentynine Palms.

So I would like to know if the last mentioned spring is the one in paragraph 4, if you are not able to tell me please send this letter on to Mr. John D. Mitchell the man that wrote the article, by doing so you will kindly oblige.

JAMES WIGHTMAN.

*Dear Mr. Wightman: Your letter has been referred to Mr. Mitchell, author of the story, and he replied as follows: "From such information as I have available the Cottonwood springs in Riverside county about 40 miles southeast of Twentynine Palms is the place referred to in the Pegleg tale. Judging from the letters I have received since it appeared, several prospectors are planning to search for it this fall and winter."* —J.D.M.

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Dinuba, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

What is the matter with this bird Christopher Young? When he says: "... we are disappointed in your magazine." ... "not very interesting or informative ..." What does the guy want anyway? What does he wish to be informed about, how to do a jitterbug, play a sax, or repair a radio? If it is southwest history and authentic word pictures of our great outdoors in this part of the country, to say nothing of the illustrations ... believe he did mention the covers ... he has to go no further than our own "Desert Magazine." And if this baby wants to stir up the dander of some of us "old timers," he can do it in no better way than to make remarks like this about our magazine.

"... Too sentimental ..." Don't he know that to be TRUE the magazine has to be sentimental, for the whole southwest is literally filled with sentiment and romance. The one spot on God's earth that this is, and always has been true. And that reminds me, I hope you keep the Desert Magazine confined to the Southwest in its scope. Otherwise it will not be the true desert magazine. Wyoming and the Dakotas, and all that region may be desert, and I know intensely interesting, but they are not our southwest. Let some other magazine exploit their charms.

Yours for the Desert Magazine and all it represents.

LEON DIAL.

*Thanks, Leon! We don't expect to please 'em all—but as long as the Desert Magazine is approved by the old desert rats we are not going to make any radical changes.*

—R. H.

Desert Center, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

In your September issue a letter appears from a Mr. Bradley Stewart who claims that he is the only man alive today who knows anything about the Pegleg Smith mine, and that all and any information is boloney unless it comes from him personally.

Now I'm not mad at Mr. Stewart for writing his letter. I'm just sorry for him, that's all. It is too bad he had to go into hysterics. It's just the pick and shovel kind that do that—not real desert rat miners.

According to his letter he has no facts about the Pegleg Smith mine—just hearsay. My claim to finding the mine is from maps given me in Alaska in 1912 by a sourdough miner named Dutch Sholtz. He claimed to have been Smith's partner and he drew the map from memory. The last time he had seen the mine was back in 1889, according to Sholtz's story.

Smith never was a miner. He was a horse trader, and hunted wild burros. Sholtz and Smith were driving their burros and horses along the Bradshaw stage line to Corn springs. They came upon some Indians working the surface to get the lead to make bullets with.

Sholtz, being a miner, made a deal with the Indians that he would do all the work and give them the lead and he would keep the gold. While they were working Smith got his foot hurt and hobbled around the country for a year, until it got so bad he had to have it amputated. He later died from the effects. They had mortared up a couple of pounds of gold, and made it into little pellets.

After Smith died, Sholtz went to the Caesar country in British Columbia, and in 1898 went on to Dawson City in the Yukon. I met him in Shuwana, Alaska, in 1912. He was an old, old man. But I followed the maps he gave me, and I found his old tunnel. I also found old shovels and picks, pack saddles and mule shoes, and about 10 pounds of black powder that was 50 years old.

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Along with that I found a vein five feet wide with rich ore (gold, silver and lead), on both the hanging and footwall. My last assay was \$110 per ton. You are welcome to come and take your own cut. You are also welcome to bring that pick and shovel miner Bradley Stewart if he really wants to be shown.

JACKSON C. HILL.

*This is getting better'n better. I don't know anything about Pegleg's lost mine—but the old sonuvagun surely did leave a lot of arguments behind him. They've been going on for 50 years. It really would be a pity if some one actually found the lost diggin's—it would rob the desert rats of one of their best debating subjects.*

—R. H.

Seattle, Washington

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I am now in my second year as a subscriber to your Desert Magazine and look forward to each succeeding issue with increased interest.

I was especially pleased with the story entitled "Graveyard of an Ancient Forest" in the August issue. I say pleased, because it is a story about a desert country with which I am very familiar and about a man with whom I am personally acquainted. I am also pleased with the capable and interesting manner in which the story is so well told. Mr. Simpson's quotations are so remindful of him that I could almost see and hear him right there in the room with me. The accompanying photographs too, are so well suited to the story and add very materially to the life of the article. I might say too that I am acquainted with the author, Bertha Greely Brown, and know her to be a charming person of considerable ability and one who is generally looked to as authority on her subjects by those who know her.

If you will pardon my commenting further, I think that the reaching out of your magazine to include desert stories of regions other than just the Southwest should greatly increase the interest in your publication. There are really many desert regions in our country and each has its own particular characteristics and fascinations. Each should receive its share of attention and I can think of no better way than through a National publication containing such well selected, written and edited stories as have been appearing in the Desert Magazine. I earnestly hope that you will continue to publish more of them.

M. F. REED.

The DESERT MAGAZINE



# Gems and Minerals

This department of the Desert Magazine is reserved as a clearing house for gem and mineral collectors and their societies. Members of the "rock-hound" fraternity are invited to send in news of their field trips, exhibits, rare finds, or other information which will be of interest to collectors.

ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor

## MOJAVE ROCKHOUNDS PLAN OCTOBER EXHIBIT

Although less than a year old, the Mojave Desert Mineral and Gem society has launched ambitious plans for a mineral show to be held at Beacon Inn at Barstow October 19-20. As Barstow is in the heart of one of the most extensive gem and mineral areas in the southwestern desert, and many exceptional finds have been made in that region, it is expected this exhibit will be unusually interesting. Prizes are to be offered members of the society for best exhibits in several different classes. Tom Wilson, manager of the Inn, is an enthusiastic member of the society, and has provided an attractive display room for the exhibit.

## SPOKANE TO ENTERTAIN NORTHWEST FEDERATION

Annual meeting of the Northwest Federation of Mineralogical societies is to be held at Spokane, Washington, October 13 and 14. Columbia Geological society is to be the host organization.

With 20 member societies and over 2,000 active collectors in the federation, this is one of the most important gatherings of mineralogists in the West this year. Prizes offered for mineral entries and collections are expected to bring out an attractive display of rocks, especially from the Northwest.

President of the Federation is M. F. Reed, and Secretary is Mrs. Lloyd L. Roberson of 522 N. 70th Street, Seattle. Mrs. Roberson has extended an invitation to collectors and societies in neighboring states to attend the convention.

Mineralogist magazine of Portland is issuing a special convention number for the occasion.

## Birthstones

### October—Opal

Precious opal is rated by many lovers of beautiful stones, along with emerald, ruby, diamond, sapphire and pearls, as one of the "Big Six." While it is one of the quartz family, its infinite variety of color and loveliness raises it to a position all its own. Opal is found at its best in Australia, Mexico, Nevada and Hungary, while stones of lesser quality appear from all parts of the world. Its flaming beauty need take second place to no other known stone.

Ignorant superstition of the 18th century, possibly taking its origin from one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, attributed "bad luck" to the mere possession of an opal. Queen Victoria fought this superstition by purchasing several fine opals and presenting them to members of her own family and others. Such superstition has no place in modern life. Fortunate indeed is the person, whether born in October or not, who possesses a truly fine opal.

## Misnamed Minerals

### "Citrine Topaz"

Real Citrine is a brilliant yellow form of crystalline quartz. It takes its name from the fact that an occasional piece approximates the color of a ripe lemon peel or other citrus fruit. It is pure quartz, Si O<sub>2</sub>, hardness seven, and is easily recognized as such when found in the natural state.

Its popularity has permitted the rise of numerous substitutes. "Real topaz," "Citrine topaz," and sometimes even "Golden topaz" may, any of them, be citrine quartz.

Also, they may be a substitute formed by artificial means. Very dark colored "smoky" quartz or cairngorm is heated to about 1350 degrees centigrade. After cooling slowly, this changes to a beautiful golden color. True topaz is always hardness eight, and the name is applied to the quartz gem for the sole purpose of increasing sales.

## PRIZES TO BE OFFERED AT OAKLAND IN MAY

One of the new features of the California federation meeting May 10 and 11 at Oakland next year, is to be official exhibits from each of the societies in the state. This is a plan sponsored by President Orlin J. Bell of the East Bay Mineral society, host organization. He is arranging for a grand prize or cup which the winning society may keep from year to year. The plan is to have each society exhibit the specimens from its own locality.

## GEODES

What constitutes a geode? In the mind of many, geodes, thunder eggs, agate nodules, and even irregularly shaped pieces of agate are all classed as "geodes." A true geode must contain a cavity.

Magmatic waters in the earth first coat a cavity in igneous rock with one of the dark colored minerals. From the same source, a second coating, usually agate, appears. Then the cavity receives a final coating of sparkling quartz or amethyst crystals. But always the cavity. If the process continues until a solid ball of agate or quartz is formed, and the cavity is completely filled, then it becomes a thunder egg, agate nodule or just a nodule. It then has ceased to be a geode.

Of interest to mineralogists are the two glass cases of polished and crystallized minerals on exhibit at the Planetarium in Griffith Park, Hollywood, California. The permanent displays are furnished and changed from time to time by members of the Mineralogical society of Southern California, who loan fine specimens from their private collections. The Hall of Science is open weekdays from 11:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. and on Sundays and holidays from 2:00 to 11:00 P.M. Admission free.

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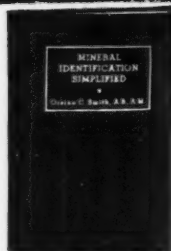
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## AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

There are at least two energetic men in Oregon who have hitched their wagons to stars as far as ambition is concerned. Cecil C. Moore of Bend plans to assemble the most representative collection of Oregon specimens in the state. He already has an excellent nucleus. The other ambitious gentleman is Fred S. Young of Portland, who hopes to achieve the most complete gem crystal collection in the world. His present collection is worth a trip to Oregon to see. Mr. Young's workshop is as neat and efficient as a doctor's laboratory. He does facet as well as cabochon cutting.

Mayor John L. Russell of Las Vegas, Nevada, has donated a blue green dendritic limestone specimen to the park service museum in Boulder City. Mayor Russell discovered the stone on Mt. Charleston. Naturalist Robert Rose of the national park service states that the park service is developing a collection of flora and fauna of the Boulder dam recreational area. A contour map of the area is shown, as well as mineral specimens, Indian relics, and the remains of a giant sloth from Rampart cave near Lake Mead.

V. D. Hill, two miles north of Salem on highway 99E, has one of the most comprehensive collections of Oregon gem materials in the state. Specimens are effectively displayed in glass cabinets with concealed lighting. He also has a case equipped for fluorescent display. Mr. Hill is a scholar as well as an ardent rockhound, and gives authentic information concerning his collection. Any traveler in the Salem district will be well repaid by a visit to the Hill shop.

Cecil C. Moore and John L. Carter of Bend, Oregon, have discovered a bed of spherulite agate nodules which are most distinctive. In addition to the spherulitic matrix, the agate inclusion is completely outlined by a delicate white line of microscopic quartz crystals. There were very few "duds" in the deposit.

Smith's Agate Shop in Portland has one of the largest workshops in the northwest. They cut and polish gem stones and make distinctive mountings. They also give instruction in gem craft.

Lewis H. "Turk" Irving of Madras, Oregon, recently revealed to Cal-Tech paleontologists the location of a fossil eohippus (three toed horse) on Bone hill, nine miles north of Madras. The scientists have excavated the horse, and also the skull of a camel. They report that it is the most perfect eohippus skeleton found in Oregon. Fossil teeth and other bones have been found in this field, as well as excellent jasper, agate and petrified wood.

Imperial Valley Gem and Mineral society, Charles K. Correll secretary, is holding its annual election of officers Tuesday, October 1. The October 15 meeting is to be devoted to arranging a mineral and fossil display to be exhibited permanently in the Imperial county courthouse, El Centro. New membership cards of the Imperial society bear the print of the California golden bear, the emblem of the state federation.

Dad Green, of Bend, Oregon, has paved his roadway and outdoor display room with chips of semi precious stones and obsidian until it glistens in the sunlight like a bed of jewels.

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With the idea that rock collectors should not have one-track minds and devote their field trips entirely to rocks, to the exclusion of the beauty in other natural phenomena, the Long Beach mineral society invited Mace Taylor, president of the Long Beach Cactus society, to present his illustrated lecture on cacti and desert landscapes at the September meeting of the rock collectors.

The Grays Harbor Rock Nuts is a live organization composed of some 50 enthusiastic members from Aberdeen and Hoquiam, Washington. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: H. J. Pryde, president; Jay G. Ransom, vice president; John M. Strong, secretary. Meetings are held twice a month and are well attended. Each member brings a specimen of the rock to be discussed that meeting night, and a member whose turn it is, lectures on the type represented by the specimens.

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Bert Boylan, district attorney of Bend, is an enthusiastic Desert Magazine fan, besides being an authority on lava and lava formations in central Oregon.

Oregon Agate and Mineral society of Portland recesses during July and August. However, weather permitting, field trips are continued during the summer. Club members frequently go to a gem field located near Burns, on the eastern Oregon desert, more than 300 miles distant. Meetings were resumed in September, first and third Fridays, at the chamber of commerce.

J. H. Imhoff, at 1041 E. Main st., Ventura, California has written to the Desert Magazine as follows: 'I am a Spanish war veteran and 75 years old. Have a small cutting and polishing outfit, and that is my hobby, but I am not able to go out in the field to get rocks to work on. If some of the collectors have a few extra specimens I would greatly appreciate it if they would send me some. I would pay postage but that is all I can afford.'

Long Beach mineral society holds its monthly meeting on the second Friday at 533 West 17th street. Sessions start at 7:30 and visiting collectors or others interested in the earth sciences are invited.

Santa Monica Gemological society has included in its constitution a method of expelling any member "acting to the detriment of the society." This is designed especially to eliminate the "rockhog" and "hammerhound" type of collector. According to Secretary Doris W. Baur, the Santa Monica society closed its charter roll at its July meeting with 52 paid members. The society is limited to 75 charter and active members.

## Cogitations . . .

### Of a Rockhound

By LOUISE EATON

● Rockhounds is tenderhearted. A well known rockhound who is a expert gem cutter, tells this story. It happened when ole man Depression had caught gem cutters as well as every one else, an' money was as scarce as thunder eggs in egg noodles. One morning a fragile little ol' lady ventured into his shop an' asked for a privit interview. With tremblin' fingers she unwrapped layers of yellowin' silk from aroun' a handful of crystals. When she was a young girl in Montana, she said, she had collected the sapphires, an' all her life treasured them, knowing that when a rainy day came, she'd have something of value to tide her over. She was now in dire straits an' wished to turn her gems into cash. The gem expert's heart sank. Sapphires? No, only quartz crystals. A quick test verified his classification. He could not bring himself to tell the pitifully hopeful little person that her crystals were practically valueless, nor could he afford to buy quartz at sapphire prices. All he could bring himself to do was to tell her that he was sorry but he was not in the market for more sapphires. Yes, ther's a tragic angle to this rock business, as well as a pleasant one—especially for tenderhearted sympathetic rockhounds.

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By RANDALL HENDERSON

**F**OR my vacation trip this year I went to the North Rim of Grand Canyon and Bryce and Zion national parks—on the great plateau that extends across northern Arizona and Southern Utah.

That plateau region is nothing more nor less than a magnificent oasis on the Great American desert. True its area is larger than that of many of the states in the union—but it is still just a glorified oasis, a cool timber-clad island surrounded on all sides by desert plains.

Its temperature is more moderate and its vegetation more luxuriant than that of the desert around it only because of the higher elevation resulting from a gigantic upthrust in the crust of the earth at some prehistoric period.

\* \* \*

For years I've wanted to see the Smoki dances, and so I arranged to be in Prescott, Arizona, early in August when the Smoki clan comes out of its kiva for its annual ceremonial.

The Smoki people are a rare tribe. They are white folks who sell automobiles and practice law and write fire insurance and pump gasoline—a cross-section of an average American community. Once a year they stage one of the most realistic pageants in America.

Aside from the impressiveness of their show, the most amazing thing about these people is their modesty. Imagine if you can a troupe of actors who shun publicity. It is contrary to American custom. At Hollywood the third assistant costume girl has to have her name flashed on the screen—and the extra players hire press agents to keep them in the headlines. But at Prescott you can sleuth around the town for a week without even learning the names of those who play the leading roles in the Smoki ceremonial.

It is a refreshing experience to find a troupe of performers so good they do not have to resort to ballyhoo to hold their jobs!

\* \* \*

On my way to the North Rim I detoured to the Hopi mesa, to Oraibi where I spent some pleasant hours with Lorenzo Hubbell, veteran trader of the Indian country. He speaks fluent Navajo, and the Indians come long distances to ask his help and advice.

The traders are the best friends the Indians have. It is not a highly profitable business. It requires infinite patience and understanding. The Indians are sensitive to injustice—and the trader who does not deal fairly with them does not remain long. The weapon that drives him out is the same that Ghandi uses in India—passive resistance.

\* \* \*

I've listened to many ranger-naturalists in the national parks and monuments—and their lectures almost without exception are worthwhile—but Louis Schellbach and Orlo Childs on the North Rim of Grand Canyon deserve special mention.

Schellbach lectures on plant and animal life—and at the same time teaches more human nature than you can learn in a dozen books on psychology.

He presents the view that Nature has the same general set of laws for all forms of life, whether it be Kaibab squirrels, Quaking aspens, or the two-legged mammal we call man—and that from the natural landscape we can find the answers to most of the problems of our 20th century civilization.

This is by no means a new viewpoint—but Schellbach is one of those rare teachers who are able to span in vivid word pictures that great gap between academic fact and vital living problem. I wish we had more of his kind of instructors in the colleges and normal schools—teaching the teachers how to make geology and chemistry and biology and history living subjects whose primary purpose is to contribute to the fine art of adjusting one's life to today's problems.

The national park system is something more than a series of scenic attractions for rubberneck tourists. It has developed into a great outdoor university where Americans on vacation may enrich their lives with an intimate and fascinating study of the simple but important truths of Nature.

Don't invest your money in a park trip and then pass up the rangers' lectures. That's like buying a meat pie and eating only the crust.

\* \* \*

With two highly efficient corporations—the Santa Fe's Fred Harvey service, and the Union Pacific's Utah Parks company operating the concessions on the south and north rims respectively, the travel accommodations in that region are something to write home about—and surprisingly moderate in cost.

These two railroad systems deserve to share with the national park service the credit for developing this gorgeous plateau-oasis as a vacation playground for American citizens.

\* \* \*

At Ruby's Inn near the entrance to Bryce canyon park I spent a couple of days enjoying real Mormon hospitality. Reuben Syrett is the "Ruby" who operates the Inn—a pioneer who deserves all the success he has won. He operates a big log cabin lodge by the side of the road, serves his guests with everything from hamburger sandwiches to mountain trout—and throws in a cowboy musical program each night for good measure.

One of the cowboys who twanged the guitar and sang songs of the range was Herman Pollock. Herman "discovered" the Desert Magazine when it first appeared on the newsstands three years ago, and wrote a letter to the editor. We've been writing ever since. This was my first opportunity to meet him in person.

We took a long horseback trip down into Bryce canyon, among those fantastic spires and domes and citadels of vari-

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colored sandstone and clay. For a time we followed the well-kept trails maintained by the park service, and then branched off on the old Mormon trails used by the pioneers more than a half century ago to herd their cattle back and forth between the summer range on the plateau, and the winter range in the valleys.

Herman is a dude wrangler by day, and an entertainer at night. But he is much more than that. He knows the geology of that country better than most of the experts. He never finished high school—but the outdoors has been his classroom all his life. He is better educated in the true sense of the word than a majority of college graduates.

Herman is a devout Mormon, his father is an elder in the church, and as we rode along the trail that day he told me about his religion. I have always admired the thrift and industry of the Mormon people. Their persecution by Americans of an earlier period is one of the blackest chapters in our history. But they have kept their faith through religious oppression and economic depression—and today they are filling their warehouses and granaries with goods against the time when their prophets have told them a new economic disaster

will plunge this country into greater tribulation than it has ever known.

\* \* \*

Even if the Desert Magazine never yields me more than the crackers and cheese necessary for a bare existence I will always like this job—because of the Herman Pollocks. There are many of them—whose acquaintance I have made during the last three years. I haven't met all of them personally yet—but I feel that I know them well. They write genuine letters.

And I know there are many more in the big Desert Magazine family from whom I have never heard. The DM invariably finds welcome among that kind of people—folks who never permit the making of money or the winning of power to become an end in itself, but who prefer rather to enrich their lives with knowledge and that greatest of all human qualities—understanding. There is an unwritten bond of friendship among such people, regardless of creed or color or position in the economic order. The highest service the Desert Magazine can render is to foster and encourage the kind of culture these people represent.



Photograph by John W. Hilton.

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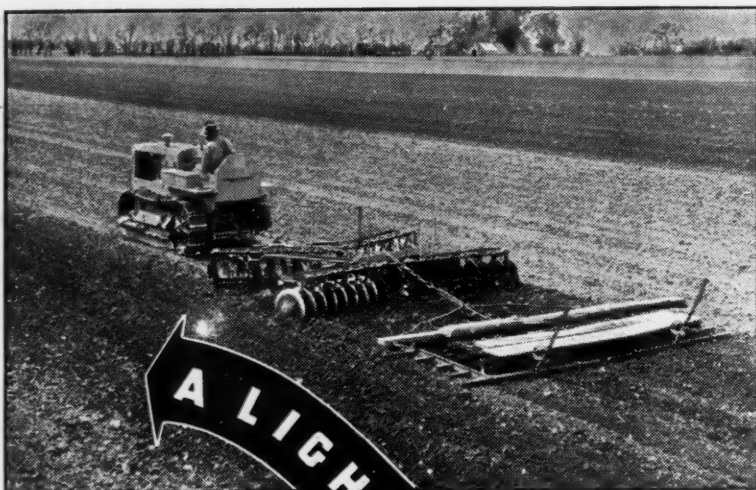
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